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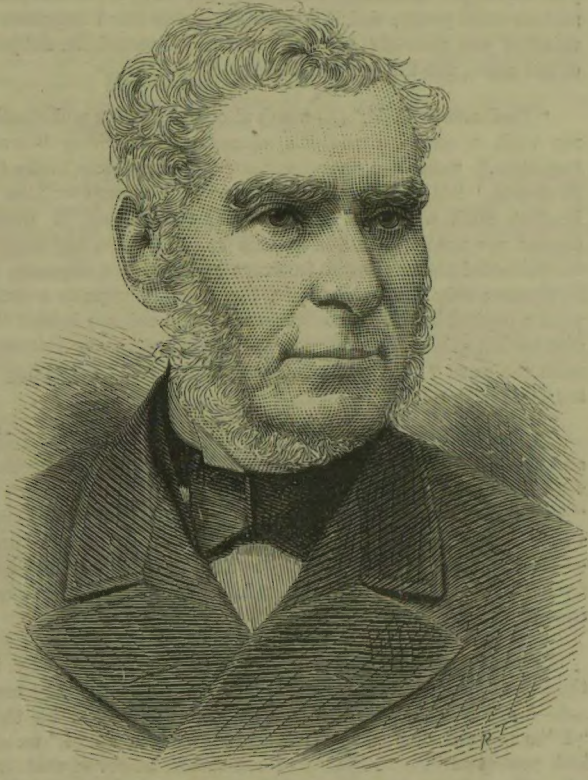
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1886.

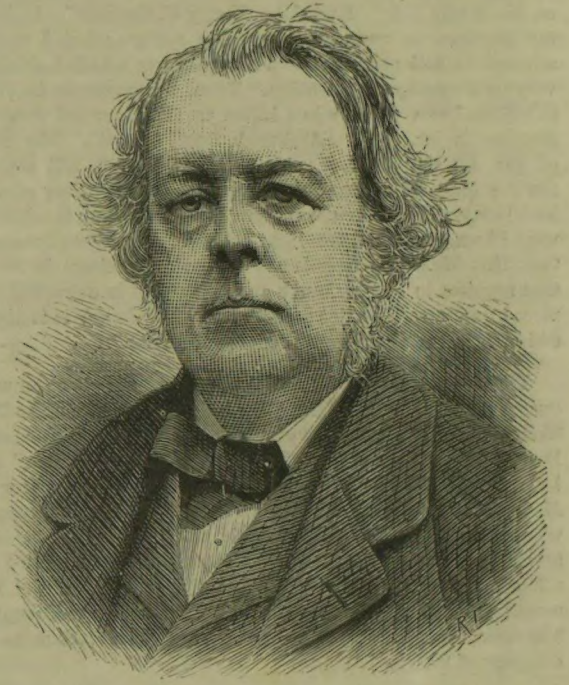
TWO WHOLE SHEETS (SIXPENCE.
AND COLOURED PICTURE) By Post, 6½d.



THE LATE DR. NICHOLAS KETCHER, OF MOSCOW.
THE RUSSIAN TRANSLATOR OF SHAKSPEARE.



THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR R. DACRES, G.C.B.,
CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.



THE LATE MR. ARTHUR GROTE, F.R.S.,
BOTANIST AND ENTOMOLOGIST.



ARRESTING MOONLIGHTERS IN A CABIN NEAR CASTLE ISLAND, KERRY.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

My readers have to thank the employés of the General Post Office for the sadly truncated appearance of the "Echoes" of Dec. 11. It is the custom of the Compiler to write two columns of paragraphs by six p.m. on Tuesday, and send them to the office of this Journal. After dinner he goes to work again, and writes the third and last column of "copy," which is posted at 10.30 p.m., and should be delivered at 198, Strand, by the first post on Wednesday. The second batch of manuscript was duly posted at the pillar-post in Doughty-street at the usual hour on Tuesday night, Dec. 7. The parcel did not come to hand on Wednesday morning; and it has not come to hand yet. Whether it was washed or blown away by the storm; or whether it got wedged between the folds of a newspaper directed to the Antipodes, and is now on its way to Kangaroo Island, South Australia; or whether the postman was hungry and ate the "Echoes" for his supper, I do not know; but I have written to St. Martin's-le-Grand in the faint hope of tracing my missing MSS.

All the town is talking about the "Hayward Letters"; and, truly, there is a vast fund of entertainment and instruction to be derived from the two volumes just published by Mr. Murray, being "A Selection from the Correspondence of Abraham Hayward, Q.C., from 1834 to 1884, with an Account of his Early Life. Edited by Henry E. Carlisle." It is not my province to review the work *in extenso*; but I may be allowed to call attention to a few passages which I think are very well worthy of attention. Turn, for example, to Vol. I, p. 104, and to a passage in a letter to Mr. Hayward from Mr. Macvey Napier, dated Edinburgh, April 12, 1845. The editor of the *Edinburgh Review* writes:—"Will you tell me, confidently (*sic*), of course, whether you know anything of a Mr. Thackeray, about whom Longman has written me, thinking he would be a good hand for light articles? He says (Longman) that this Mr. Thackeray is one of the best writers in *Punch*. One requires to be very much on one's guard in engaging with mere strangers. In a journal like the *Edinburgh* it is always of importance to keep up in respect of names."

When the editor of the *Edinburgh* asked the above amusing question, "this Mr. Thackeray" had already written "The Paris Sketch-Book," "The Yellowplush Papers," "The Irish Sketch-Book," "Catherine: a Story," "The Fitz-Boodle Papers," and, I think, "The Luck of Barry Lyndon." Three years after Mr. Macvey Napier wrote to Mr. Hayward about the "mere stranger" whom Mr. Longman thought would be "a good hand for light articles," "this Mr. Thackeray" was publishing "Vanity Fair: a Novel without a Hero"; and ere the last number of that wonderful drama of human life appeared, William Makepeace Thackeray was hailed throughout the world of letters as the compeer of Charles Dickens.

Mem.: Was it not to some extent Mr. Thackeray's own fault that his light during so many years was hidden under a bushel? Rarely has there been a literary man who, for some occult reason, assumed so many aliases as he did. He was Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Major Goliath Gahagan, George Savage Fitzboodle, Ikey Solomons Junior, the Fat Contributor, Jeames de la Pluche—everything but W. M. Thackeray; but when recognition came it was unstinted and splendid.

People in Clubland seem to be just a little disappointed at the absence of acrimony in the "Hayward Letters." They would have liked a little *sauce Tartare à la Greville* or *sauce piquante à la Carlyle*. I have rarely, indeed, read a book virtually autobiographical containing so few ill-natured remarks. Mr. Hayward speaks not very courteously of Prince Napoleon as "Plon-Plon," but he does not deny him some amount of capacity. Napoleon III., both as Pretender and President, Mr. Hayward knew very well; and, on the whole, he just fairly does justice to the character of that cloudy individual.

From one of Mr. Hayward's literary judgments a large body of earnest disciples of perhaps the greatest writer of philosophical fiction that France has produced will indignantly dissent. He writes from Pencarrow, under the date of Oct. 1, 1879 (Vol. II., p. 305):—

By the way of *détachement*, I have been reading some of Balzac's novels over again. They don't improve on acquaintance. The fineness of observation and analysis of feeling are undeniable; but his descriptions, both of places and characters, are tediously spun out, his plots teem with improbability, and he has a vulgar fondness for wealth and rank.

What! The novels of Honoré De Balzac failing to improve on acquaintance? Where is the Balzacian who would not return for the twentieth time to "Eugénie Grandet," to the "Père Goriot," to the "Recherche de l'Absolu"? And "La Cousine Bette"; and "Le Cousin Pons"? But there is no need to quarrel with Mr. Hayward. In one of the *Quarterlies*, not so many years ago, I noticed an incidental allusion to "the disreputable novels of Balzac and Paul De Kock." Balzac and Paul De Kock! Heliogabalus and Jack the Painter!

Of course, I have not yet read the two volumes through; but I have done something more than cut the leaves and smell the paper-knife; and it is with considerable disappointment that I have to record my inability to find, up to the present moment, any allusion in the Life or the Letters to Mr. Hayward's early intimacy with Jeremy Bentham. If the young jurisconsult did not know the ancient philosopher, I am a dreamer of dreams. More on this subject next week.

"Horace" (Dublin) asks if I can give him any information as to who "Vauxhall Simpson" was. "His name," says "Horace," "occurs very frequently in Cruikshank's almanacks, in which are also given a number of sketches of him. Thackeray mentions him in the beginning of 'Vanity Fair.'"

Mr. Simpson was Master of the Ceremonies at the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall. There used to be a full-length transparency of him in his opera hat and opera tights, and a sempiternal grin on his countenance, close to one of the

entrances to the gardens. Charles Dickens, in the "Sketches by Boz" (article—"Vauxhall Gardens by Day"), speaks, in 1835-6, of the renowned M.C. as "the late Mr. Simpson." I think that he flourished during the period of the Regency. For the rest, look up Hone's "Table Books," Pierce Egan's "Life in London," "Angelo's Memoirs"; and pray, dear Mr. E. L. Blanchard, has any writer yet done for Vauxhall Gardens that which Professor Henry Morley has done for Bartholomew Fair? Is there an exhaustive history of the "Royal Property," its rise, its grandeur, its decadence, and its ultimate and ever-to-be-regretted collapse? This is *my* question, and not "Horace's."

Mem.: Thackeray mentions Madame Saqui as performing on the tight-rope at Vauxhall in the Waterloo year. That wonderful little woman had danced during the fêtes held in Paris at the coronation of Napoleon I.; and she lived long enough to have conferred upon her by Napoleon III. the superintendence of the *restaire*, or receptacle for the sticks and umbrellas of the visitors to the Paris Exhibition of 1855. She had long since ceased to chalk the soles of her shoes and hold the balancing-pole and caper on the rope; but she was *vivante, et très vivante*, at four-score years; and it was kindly in the third Napoleon to think of the poor old *figurante* who had diverted the subjects of his uncle, the Emperor and King.

"Professor L. C. H." (Vienna) at once interests and startles me with a question and an observation touching literary "egotism." "Can you or any of your correspondents," asks the Professor, "tell me why the pronoun 'I' is always written in English with a capital letter?" The Viennese, it would appear, are much exercised by this habit of ours, and incline to the belief that it is an instance of English arrogance, as in German only the pronoun in the second person is written with a capital letter. The Professor's own opinion is that the custom has arisen from our so frequently beginning sentences with the word "I"; whereas the Germans avoid beginning a sentence with "Ich."

For curiosity's sake I turned to Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," and read the great speech in which Tell describes his meeting with Gessler. There is in the whole speech only one instance of "ich" beginning with a capital "I":—"Ich bin's Herr Landvogt." On the other hand, turning over the pages of a volume of Goethe, I find, in "Egmont," act ii., in forty-seven lines, five sentences beginning with "Ich." No rule without an exception.

I do not presume to give any opinion myself as to why, in the interior of a sentence, we write I with a capital. But may not—I speak with fear and trembling—the reason be that "I" is a word of a single letter, and written as "i," would look petty and ugly? Please to remember, however, that the "humbler classes," as Lord John Manners once called the people, almost invariably write I small when it occurs in the middle of a sentence. "Mrs. Mangle presents her compliments to Mr. Heggo, and I cannot let you have any more starch in your kollers. P.S. I send the bill."

In the matter of the once famous vocalist, Miss Paton, afterwards Lady William Lennox, and ultimately Mrs. Joseph Wood, many correspondents have kindly told me that there is an ample notice of the gifted lady in Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music." One or two of my correspondents seem to think it rather criminal on my part that I do not know Sir George Grove's dictionary by heart. Well, I have looked into Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Dictionnaire de la Musique"; but one cannot have all the books of reference in the world on one's shelves. I have not got Dugdale's "Monasticon Anglicanum"; nay, nor the "Acta Sanctorum" (only a poor copy) of Alban Butler; nor an original edition of the "Delphin Classics"; nor the "Almanach de Gotha" from the beginning; nor a complete set of the "Racing Calendar." I live in hopes.

Mr. John Hollingshead tells me that Miss Paton kept a school at Leeds, in an old house in Woodhouse-lane, Briggate, where she was assisted by her husband. She died there. Mr. Hollingshead adds that the Rev. Mr. Cox gives a long account of Miss Paton in his book of "Operatic Reminiscences." Another correspondent informs me that Mrs. Joseph Wood still lives, a hale octogenarian.

Professor G. M. Dalmazzo forwards me the prospectus of a course of lectures on "Shakespeare in His Relation to Italian Literature," which the Professor is about to deliver before the University of Rome. The subject is a most tempting one; and I would that I were able to quote the list of lectures in full. Let me note, however, that the discourses will touch, among other plays and characters, on "Much Ado About Nothing" in connection with Ariosto and Bandello; on "Cymbeline" in connection with Boccaccio's ninth novel of the second decade; and on the "Merry Wives of Windsor," in connection with Ser G. Fiorentino. Selfishly, I hope that the Professor will be able to prove that Shakspeare came to Venice as supercargo of the ship Britomarte; that he lodged in the Merceria, at the house of a Signora Cuiciglia; that he frequently visited Donna Porzia at her villa at Belmont, on the banks of the Brenta; and that he took frequent trips to Verona, to Mantua, and to Padua, at which last-named city he made the acquaintance of a terrible termagant, by name Caterina, who espoused a certain Petruccio.

It is highly consolatory to learn that the statement made by a correspondent of the *Times* to the effect that the tomb of Henry Fielding, in the Protestant Cemetery at Lisbon, has been allowed, through wanton neglect, to fall into a state of lamentable dis-repair is mainly unfounded. Her Majesty's Consul at Lisbon writes to say that the assertions of the *Times* correspondent have been refuted in a reply addressed to the same journal by the Bishop of Gibraltar; and that the tomb is, on the whole, in very good order. As for the cemetery, it seems,

according to Consul Brackenbury's description, to be a kind of earthly paradise; but the tourist who addressed the *Times* on the subject of the tomb will doubtless reply. I am heartily thankful that this tombstone talk did not originate with me. What a delightful quarter of an hour I should have passed with the anonymous letter-writers if I had been the first to say that Fielding's grave had been neglected!

A slightly cynical correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* writes in extenuation of the supposed neglect of the last resting-place of the author of "Amelia," "that probably not one Englishman in a hundred knows that Fielding is buried at Lisbon; and that, moreover, Lisbon is a long way off." He continues—

But there is a grave in the heart of London, close to the Temple Church—that of Oliver Goldsmith—which, together with his monument hard by, is utterly uncare for, and is fast decaying. Time was when a few kindly folk used to deck the grave with flowers; but I never notice any placed upon it now. Surely, some of those people who have enriched themselves by the sale of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and its production upon the stage might subscribe a few pounds to keep Goldsmith's grave in order.

I have not read for many years M. Guizot's account of his Embassy to the Court of St. James's; but I think that in the work in question he somewhere alludes to having met at a dinner party the Rev. Sydney Smith. "The company," remarked Guizot, "laughed while he spoke, after he had spoken, and before he spoke." The words, which I dare say that I have misquoted, came back to my mind while reading the report of a recent theatrical libel case. Mr. J. L. Toole was one of the witnesses examined. As he entered the box, he (like a true gentleman as he is) bowed to the Lord Chief Justice; whereat there was a roar of laughter in court. Now, Mr. Toole is slightly lame, and off the stage is more than slightly nervous; and I dare say he had no more idea of making a comic bow to the Judge than of singing the "Horrible Tale" before he was sworn. But the public has made up its mind that Mr. Toole is normally a funny man, and that he cannot be anything but mirth-provoking. If the public only knew! Do you remember the story of the hypochondriac who went to consult Abernethy? When the patient had minutely described about a dozen ailments from which he imagined that he was suffering, he was interrupted by the testy surgeon. "Stuff and nonsense, man! Don't give way; pluck up your courage; snap your fingers; laugh; have a hearty laugh: there's nothing like laughing. Go and see Joey Grimaldi." "But I am Joey Grimaldi," moaned the patient.

Mem.: The story has been told of a dozen different doctors and a dozen different clowns in as many different countries.

I have heard of a literary *virtuoso* who only collected title-pages and colophons. When a new paper appeared he always bought a copy of the first number, and carefully pasted down in a book the titlepage and the concluding slip bearing the printer's name. There his interest in the paper stopped. There are those who collect playbills; others who hoard visiting-cards; others who, when they go out to dinner, make it a practice, just before the dessert, to pocket the *menu*. Your obedient servant is a bill-of-fare stealer. *Menus* are good loot. In after years they remind you of the countries in which you have travelled, and of the notable people whom you have met. But it was yet happily reserved for me to become acquainted with a collector of handbills; and a friendly correspondent, "W. W." (Blackwall, E.), has sent me a little handbill some thirty-five years old, which has strangely interested me.

The small circular, neatly printed in blue ink, is issued from "Soyer's Symposium, Gore House, Kensington (the residence of the late Countess of Blessington), nearly opposite the Crystal Palace." I was talking about Gore House last week. M. Soyer acquaints his patrons that his gigantic Dining Encampment for all Nations, four hundred feet long, the largest dining-room in the world, is now completed, and that fifteen hundred persons at a time can enjoy an excellent Anglo-French dinner at 2s. a head. In the Baronial Hall the dinners are 3s. 6d. each; in the Mansion there are four Continental tables d'hôte daily at 6s. 6d., served in the Temple of Danaë and the Blessington Temple of the Muses. But if you wish to retain for a *partie fine* (what has become of the *partie fine*?) the Temple of Phœbus, the Grotto of Eternal Snow, the Hall of Golden Lilies, the Forêt Péruvienne, or Night of Stars; the Bower of Ariadne; the Avenue of Cupid, or the Aerial Balcony, you must give notice in advance. Admission, 1s., which will be deducted from the price of the dinner or other refreshments which you consume. Allusion is also made to the "Grand Macédoine of all Nations": that was the wall panorama of which I spoke lately. A line is likewise given to the "Symposiarama, or Book of Gore House," illustrated, one shilling. The book is signed "G. A. S." A kind friend, who had fished out a copy of this long-obsolete pamphlet, sent it to me the other day, and I dispatched it to Mr. Zaehnsdorf, to be bound in Grolier style. I was very fond of Soyer; and all that pertains to the long dead and gone Symposium at Gore House fills me with pleasant and tender memories.

I have been asked by numerous friends to say a word or two in the "Echoes" about and against the "waits"; those unwelcome minstrels who, about Christmastide, make night hideous by their "holloaing and singing of anthems" long after peaceable folks have retired to rest. The worst of it is that the modern "waits" halloo, but do not sing anthems; nay, nor hymns, nor carols. They yell, instead, idiotic music-hall ditties. Will Sir Charles Warren be good enough to look after the "waits" and put them under control? The horrible noise which they make is not provocative, it may be granted, of hydrophobia; on the contrary, it creates a yearning for water, a whole jug-full of which could be very nicely thrown from the open window upon the offensive bawlers in the street. But to souse a "wait" with the contents of the water-jug would, I suppose, be an assault.

G. A. S.

THE COURT.

Yesterday week the Queen invested Prince Alexander with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, Military Division, in the place of the Civil decoration of the same class of the order which his Highness previously held. Prince Henry of Battenberg was present. The Right Hon. G. J. and Mrs. Goschen, Lord Rowton, and Lieutenant-General Sir A. Alison, Bart., had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Hon. Lady Biddulph was also invited. Last Saturday the Queen and Princess Irene of Hesse visited Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein at Cumberland Lodge. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, arrived at the Castle. Lord Rowton, Baron Riedesel, in attendance on Prince Alexander, Colonel the Hon. Reginald Talbot, and Colonel R. S. Hall had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family, and the members of her Majesty's household, attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor. The Dean of Windsor officiated. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess Mary of Teck, arrived at the castle in the evening. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby and the Very Rev. R. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Princess Mary of Teck left the castle on Monday morning. On Tuesday, being the double anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice, the Queen and Royal family attended the customary memorial service held at the Frogmore mausoleum. A special service was conducted by the Dean of Windsor. Her Majesty will keep Christmas at Windsor Castle.

Princess Beatrice has progressed most satisfactorily. The infant Prince is also quite well. According to present arrangements the christening will take place this day (Saturday) at Windsor Castle. The Dean of Windsor will officiate, and the young Prince will receive, in addition to other names, those of Victor Alexander. The Queen has been pleased to declare that the children born of the marriage of Prince Henry of Battenberg with Princess Beatrice shall enjoy the title of "Highness."

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who were staying last week at Luton Hoo, Bedfordshire, were present on Friday week at an exhibition held there of straw goods, the manufacture of which forms the staple trade of Luton. Their Royal Highnesses were conducted round the stalls by the Mayor (Mr. Henry Blundell), and were accompanied by the distinguished party at present staying at the Hoo. The Princess of Wales and several ladies, during the day, went fishing on the lake, and the Prince again went shooting. The Prince and Princess on Saturday last made a public entry into Luton. The streets were decorated with flags and plaits, the staple industry being introduced in the form of ornamental designs and mottoes. The Prince left for London by special train, and the Princess returned with the Danish Minister and Madame De Falbe to Luton Hoo. The Prince and suite witnessed the performance of "La Grande Duchesse" at Her Majesty's Theatre in the evening. The Princess, attended by Lady Emily Kingscote, arrived at Marlborough House on Monday morning from visiting the Danish Minister and Madame De Falbe at Luton Hoo, Luton. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. Their Royal Highnesses left Marlborough House in the afternoon on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle. The Prince opened the new building for Sion College, on the Thames Embankment, on Wednesday. His Royal Highness has dispatched communications to the Lord Lieutenants of counties, asking their co-operation and assistance in bringing prominently to the knowledge of the inhabitants of country districts the subject of the formation of the Imperial Institute of the Colonies and India.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have caused it to be made known to the poor on the Eastwell Park estate that, though the mansion is still untenanted, their usual Christmas gifts will be distributed this winter just in the same way as though their Royal Highnesses were in residence there.

Yesterday week Princess Mary Adelaide, accompanied by the Duke of Teck and Princess Victoria of Teck, opened a bazaar in the pavilion in the Corn Exchange, Brighton, on behalf of the St. John's Convalescent Home for Children.

THE LATE MR. ARTHUR GROTE, F.R.S.

Among recent deaths in London is that of this gentleman, who was esteemed for his scientific acquirements and labours. Mr. Arthur Grote was born in 1814, brother of Mr. George Grote, banker, scholar, and historian of Greece. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society and also of the Linnean Society, President of the Asiatic Society, and of the Zoological Society, and one of the Council of University College, and of University College Hospital. Mr. Grote wrote a number of papers on subjects connected with botany and natural history, and contributed an introduction to Hewitson's "Descriptions of New Indian Lepidopterous Insects in the Atkinson Collection." He was engaged many years in the Bengal Civil Service, and was one of the Board of Revenue at Calcutta.

SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS.

Many Londoners who are connected with the practice of the legal profession, or who have occasion to attend or visit the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand, will recognise the high judicial personages on the Bench in our page of Sketches. The nineteen Courts, situated on the upper floors around the Grand Central Hall, comprise two Courts of Appeal, one Lord Chancellor's Court, one Lord Chief Justice's Court, four Chancery Courts, nine Queen's Bench Courts, and the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Courts. The Lord Chief Justice of England is President of the Queen's Bench Division, which deals with all cases at common law; and he frequently sits in his own court, with two other Judges, to hear arguments and give judgments upon questions of law, sometimes upon applications for a new trial, or for a correction of Judges' ruling or directions to the jury, in a case that has been tried by one of "the Courts below." The discussion may not be very interesting to mere chance auditors who are ignorant of the principles of our customary and statute law; and the young lady in the corner, whom a friend in wig and gown has brought in to see what the court looks like, will scarcely be edified by hearing the speech of the learned counsel, or the brief interjectory remarks from one or another of their Lordships. The barristers, however, who sit waiting their turn for motions or other business entrusted to them, find it worth while to listen attentively to all that goes on in this court, as its opinions go far towards the making of law.

Our Portrait of the late Mr. Arthur Grote is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street; and that of the late Field-Marshal Sir R. Dacres, from one by Mr. F. O. Devereux, of Brighton.

THE IRISH LAND AGITATION.

The Irish event of this week is the judgment of the Dublin Court of Queen's Bench, on Tuesday, ordering Mr. John Dillon, M.P., to find sureties for his good behaviour, in default of which, after twelve days, he will be sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The Judges—Mr. Justice O'Brien and Mr. Justice Johnson—condemn the "plan-of-campaign" adopted by the National League, which was that the tenant farmers, when their demands for large reductions even of the judicial rents are refused, should agree to withhold payment of rent altogether, putting their money into the hands of appointed members of the League, out of reach of legal process. This is a conspiracy for a wrongful object; and the conduct of Mr. John Dillon and others in making violent speeches to the peasantry, exciting them to a breach of the peace, and suggesting a course of personal intimidation, will not be tolerated by the authorities charged with maintaining the public peace and social order in Ireland. Mr. Dillon spoke on his own behalf for more than an hour, complaining that he was not indicted and put on trial, instead of being called upon to find securities; the Solicitor-General briefly replied, and the two Judges concurred in giving the above judgment.

In several counties of the south of Ireland numbers of tenants have entered into the combination recently called "the plan of campaign." Scenes of violence, with assaults on sheriffs' officers and landlords, or their agents, have taken place this week both in county Limerick and in county Cork; and shots have been fired into the house of a farmer. Our Artist in Kerry furnishes a Sketch of the scene at the arrest of two "Moonlighters," in a house near Castle Island.

THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR R. DACRES.

Field-Marshal Sir Richard Dacres, G.C.B., Constable of the Tower, and Colonel Commandant Royal Horse Artillery, died last week. He was born in 1799, son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Dacres, G.C.B. Educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he obtained his commission in the Royal Artillery in 1817. In those days promotion, especially in the Artillery, was very slow; and he served eight years before he became First Lieutenant, and twelve years more before he became Captain. In 1851 he obtained his brevet majority, and a few months later Lieutenant-Colonel in his corps. Up to 1854 the professional life of Lieutenant-Colonel Dacres had been uneventful, save that much of it had been passed in that *corps d'élite*, the Royal Horse Artillery. In that year, however, the Crimean War broke out, and he proceeded first to Turkey and afterwards to the Crimea in command of the Horse Artillery of the expeditionary force. He was present at the affair of Bulganac on Sept. 19, the battle of the Alma, the affair of McKenzie's farm, the battle of Balaclava, the repulse of the Russian sortie on Oct. 26, when he commanded the artillery engaged, and at Inkerman succeeded to the command of the artillery of the army in the field, on the death of Brigadier-General Strangways. This position he retained throughout the siege of Sebastopol, with the rank of Brigadier-General, having become Colonel in November, 1854. His services during the campaign were five times acknowledged in despatches, and he was rewarded, in addition to a brevet colonelcy, being created K.C.B., Commander of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the First Class of the Military Order of Savoy, the decoration of the Second Class of the Medjidieh, the Crimean medal, with four clasps, and the Turkish medal. In 1857, he became Colonel in his corps; and from 1859 to 1865 he was Commandant of Woolwich. In the latter year, he became Major-General; in 1871, Colonel-Commandant Royal Artillery; in 1872, Lieutenant-General; on Oct. 1, 1877, General; and on the same date was placed on the retired list. This year, as our readers will probably remember, he received the honoured *bâton* of Field Marshal. In 1869, he was advanced to the dignity of Grand Cross of the Bath; and in 1881 was appointed Constable of the Tower of London.

A RUSSIAN TRANSLATOR OF SHAKSPEARE.

The late Dr. Nicholas Ketcher, who died last month, at Moscow, merited the esteem of Englishmen for having produced the best and most generally accepted translation of the whole of the works of Shakspeare in possession of the Russian nation. The translator did not speak English, he could only read it; but had a thorough acquaintance with the French and German, enabling him to compare his work as it progressed with the various translations of Shakspeare in those languages. He was born in Moscow about the beginning of the century; he had a vivid recollection of the French invasion in 1812, and the burning of Moscow. After having completed his course of study in the Medical Academy of Moscow, then a separate institution, he practised in that city, and was also appointed Coroner. He was for many years Medical Inspector of the Government of (the Province) Moscow, and later was appointed Chief of the Medical Administration of the Government of Moscow and of the city. He was in the public service about fifty-six years; and in 1878 was entertained at a grand jubilee dinner, and was presented with addresses and congratulations from various literary and scientific societies and institutes, while the Emperor Alexander II. conferred upon him a high order, the Star of St. Stanislaus; though the worthy Doctor was no more a courtier than our British Carlyle, whom he somewhat resembled in character and in manners. One of the English friends who attended his funeral was Dr. Scott, who has lived many years at Moscow. Among those present were the Governor of Moscow, with many officials, the president of the Shakspeare Society, some members of the municipality, many of the physicians and surgeons of the town, and heads of institutes, the leading actors and actresses of the Government opera-house and theatres, to all of whom the Doctor had been a kind friend, though a very searching critic, whose praise or disfavour founded their position or proclaimed their failure. In passing the house of the deceased a prayer was offered up, and at the edge of the grave was delivered a touching speech, giving a short account of the deceased, his life, and works. A remarkable incident may here be mentioned. The youngest brother of the deceased, himself aged seventy-two, and a Major-General in the Russian service, who looked hale and hearty, and walked with our correspondent to the grave-yard, went home after the service quite prostrated, wrote a letter to his deceased brother, also letters of farewell to other friends, and seemed very ill. A friend advised him to see a doctor. The old gentleman consented; but at the same moment said "Good-bye" to his friend with great impressiveness, lay back in his chair, and died. So have two well-known faces in Moscow society passed away.

The Duke of Sutherland has presented fifty acres of land to the borough of Longton, North Staffordshire, for a public park, and has also expressed his willingness to assist in the cost of laying out the land. Mr. John Aynsley, Mayor of the borough, has contributed £1000 towards the cost of carrying out this scheme.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Owing to the sudden and unfortunate illness of Mr. Alfred Reed, the first performance of "The Friar," fixed for last week, of the new entertainment devised by Mr. J. Comyns Carr for the "German Reed's," was postponed; and, consequently, any notes on the subject must be deferred until the Christmas week. Meanwhile, it is easy to guess that the whole thing is a distinct novelty; and such a departure has not been made from the old stereotyped plan of a "drawing-room" entertainment since Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Fred. Clay wrote "Ages Ago," at the old Gallery of Illustration. Costume plays are seldom given at the German Reed's; but this time we find ourselves plunged into the fifteenth century, with dialogue in blank verse and lyrics, containing pastorals and madrigals that might have been poured forth from the pen of an Elizabethan poet. It is the kind of elegant fancy that François Coppée would be allowed to produce at the Théâtre Français, in Paris, and that would be approved and applauded by the subscribers and literary critics. But as we have no Français in London and nothing at all resembling it—as managers are, for the most part, commercial speculators and indifferent to literature or to delicate stage work—such plays as "The Friar" may whistle for an opening, and the authors of them may bury them in their desks until doomsday, for aught the managers care. That St. George's Hall is not a theatre, is an amusing fiction. The old shapeless entertainment is dead. Here they act plays, and nothing more. They have form and substance: a beginning, a middle, and an ending. They are elegant vaudevilles, such as those in which Déjazet delighted her admirers in her own theatre. They are written by cultured men for educated audiences. If "The Friar" succeeds, it will be a good thing for dramatic art. At any rate, authors will not have to go out into the highways and byways searching for an audience. At German Reed's there is a delightful one, ready made, by years of anxious care and innumerable examples of good taste.

Too late, also, for this week's comment will be Mr. Edward Terry's new farce from the German, called "The Churchwarden." He has engaged a capital company to support him, including that excellent comedian Mr. Alfred Bishop, and others of note. We shall now see whether what is known as "ill-luck" in a theatre is not rather connected with indifferent entertainment than with the finger of Fate. The question is—Will the public go to see anything that is good, no matter where it is played, and irrespective of the situation of the theatre? Experience says "Yes"; for did not society rush to the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Tottenham-court-road, once the discarded Queen's, and ignominiously called "The Dust-Hole." The tenancy of Mr. Edward Terry at the Olympic will enable Miss Grace Hawthorne to get forward with her preparations for "Theodora" at the renovated Empire in Leicester-square. With a little care and management the Empire Theatre might be made the great Sardou playhouse of London. Two things are wanted—money, and an actress. The first is easily obtained in these days, the last somewhat difficult to find. Suddenly, after a long silence, there is a sense of Sardou in the air. Three mighty plays are ready for a large stage and an energetic management. If "Theodora" succeed at the Empire, here of course is the place for the "Crocodile," to be produced in a few days in Paris. If success attend that venture, there is the often-discussed "Patrie," one of the finest dramas ever written, that as yet has never been properly seen in London. "Patrie" has just been turned into an opera, but it can be turned back into a better drama than it ever was before, for in a dramatic sense it is better even now as an opera than as a play. And Mrs. Bernard Beere is ready to appear as Dolores, one of the few actresses whose presence, voice, and style would suit the Empire Theatre, and adapt herself to the heroines of Sardou's plays. And then—who knows?—some ingenious idea might be devised for rendering more wholesome and presentable the old "Tour de Nesle," another magnificent drama of sustained interest, a play that Samuel Phelps was on the eve of producing when he opened Sadler's Wells, and a drama that years ago never failed to succeed at the minor melodramatic theatres across the water, and in the discarded east of London.

There will certainly be no lack of circuses this Christmas. Pantomime may be played out, but the sawdust-ring is in the ascendant. In addition to the established circuses at Hengler's, Sanger's, and the Albert Palace, there is a good circus at Dalston, and at the West there are to be two of the finest exhibitions of horsemanship in Europe. The Covent-Garden circus troupe has been selected with scrupulous care after journeys all over the Continent, and will be better than anything that has ever been seen before in the great opera-house; but further west still, at the Kensington Olympia, they are getting ready the Paris Hippodrome, that turned the highest Parisian society into patrons of the charmed circle. In a short time, no doubt, we shall see amateur circuses: our golden youth leaping on barebacked steeds, and ladies of fashion distinguishing themselves in the *haute école*. Members of the Quorn and Belvoir hunts will be seen at Olympia or Covent-Garden on special subscription nights.

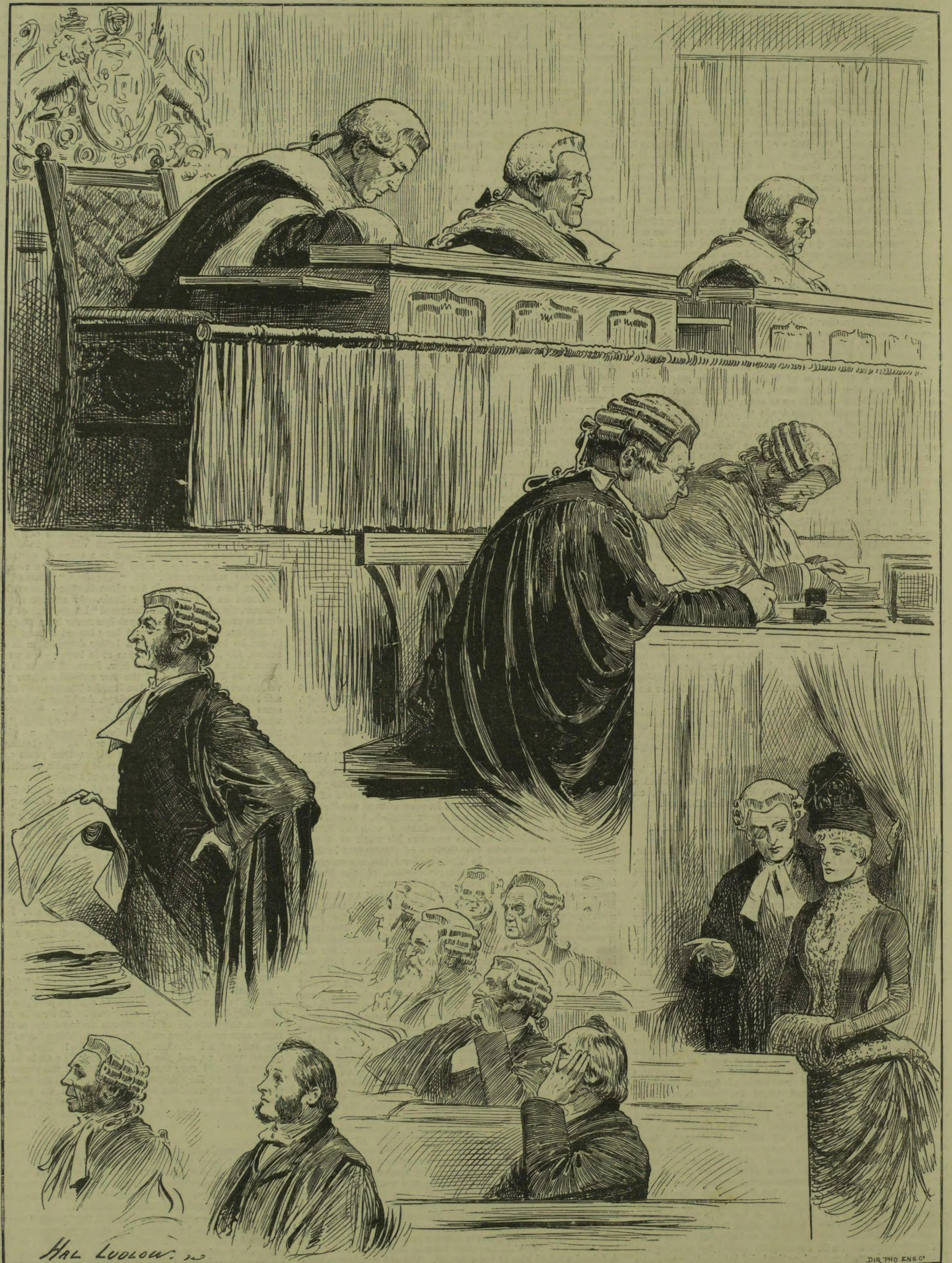
Not to be outdone by these counter-attractions, Mr. Augustus Harris is preparing his pantomime of "The Forty Thieves" on a scale of magnificence that no previous manager of Drury-Lane has ever attempted. The stuffs are marvellous, the material of the dresses more expensive than anything ever used before, and the great "Jubilee Scene" is to be the talk of all London. So may it be! Boxing Night is almost with us, and the little ones are in a state of anxious expectancy. If only there is some fun in the pantomimes as well as glitter, the children will be very well satisfied. Jubilee scenes and processions by all means, but we cannot spare Harry Nicholls or Miss Victor in the opening, or dear old Harry Payne in the harlequinade! We must have a comedian and a clown!

C. S.

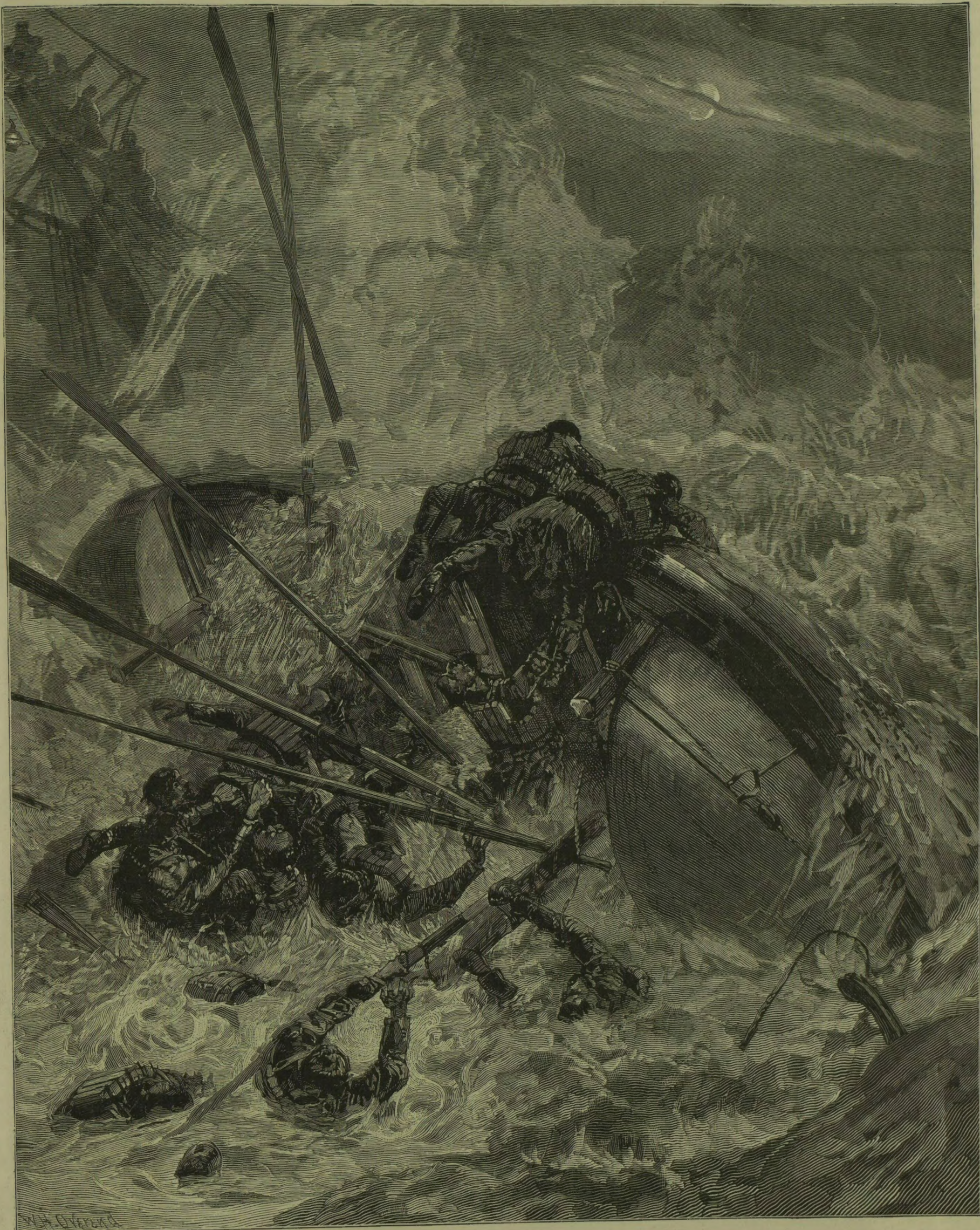
The second performance of the Westminster play, Terence's "Adelphi," took place on Monday night, before a crowded audience, consisting mostly of old Westminster men. Throughout, the applause bestowed was generous and well deserved; and the witty prologue, an able parody on the Socialistic gatherings of the day, was received with enthusiasm.

The usual weekly entertainment on Tuesday evening at Brompton Hospital consisted of a clever performance of legerdemain by Mr. Alfred Cooper and Mr. John Millar, and afforded immense wonder and amusement to the patients. All the tricks were performed with a neatness and dexterity scarcely surpassed by a professional conjuror.

This week's issue of the *Lady's Pictorial* is a very attractive one. It is a double Christmas Number, and is certainly a wonderful production for sixpence. It contains, in addition to the ordinary features of this really excellent paper, a variety of seasonable matter and illustrations, including six short stories—the readers having the opportunity of deciding which of the six is entitled to a prize of five pounds. With the number is presented a very beautiful coloured reproduction of Mordecai's Academy picture, entitled "The Young Cavalier."



SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS: A DAY IN THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S COURT.



THE LIFE-BOAT DISASTERS IN LAST WEEK'S GALE: CAPSIZING OF THE LIFE-BOAT ELIZA FERNLEY, OF SOUTHPORT, LANCASHIRE.

During the violent gale of Thursday and Friday last week, a terrible twofold disaster, causing the loss of twenty-seven lives of brave men engaged in attempting to rescue the crew of a vessel in danger of shipwreck, took place on the Lancashire coast, outside the estuary of the Ribble. Three life-boats that coast, outside the estuary of the Ribble. Three life-boats that night, respectively from Lytham, Southport, and St. Anne's, in the Ribble estuary, put off to the assistance of a distressed barque, the Mexico, of Hamburg, outward bound from Liverpool. A heavy sea was running at the time, and only one of the boats, that from Lytham, succeeded in accomplishing her errand of mercy, reaching the vessel and taking her crew from the rigging. The other two boats capsized, only three of the men on board the Southport boat being saved, and all the men on board the St. Anne's boat were drowned. It should be observed that about noon on Thursday a barque of nearly 1000 tons was seen riding at anchor off Southport. At that time, a terrific

hurricane was blowing from the north-west, and much anxiety was felt for the safety of the vessel. Late in the afternoon she dragged her anchor and drifted landward, but great difficulty was experienced in making out her position, owing to the rain and spray. About nine o'clock on Thursday night rockets were seen to rise in the direction where the vessel was last observed; and, it being surmised that she was in trouble, the crew of the Southport life-boat, Eliza Fernley, were immediately summoned. At twenty minutes to ten the boat was taken to Ainsdale, in which direction the vessel had drifted. On the way thither she could be distinctly seen—having broken both cables, lost two masts, and got stranded on the main beach. The life-boat was launched, and the crew of sixteen hands, all told, pulled gallantly towards the barque, which had continued to discharge rockets, and show signals of distress, from the time she was first seen.

A heavy sea was running at the time; and the life-boat experienced the utmost difficulty in getting near the vessel. After battling with the huge waves for over an hour, the crew got within about twenty yards of the barque, and were gradually making headway, when, coming broadside to the wind, the life-boat was immediately capsized, and the whole of the crew were thrown into the water. Instead of righting herself, as she was expected to do, the boat remained bottom upwards, most of the crew being underneath her. Meantime, the non-return of the boat caused inquiries to be made, and a search party of police and others went to Ainsdale, where the boat was discovered bottom up. When it was righted three dead bodies were found underneath it; five of the crew were under the capsized boat for an hour, being only knee-deep in water; two of them managed to escape, but the other three were

suffocated. The following is a list of the drowned:—Charles Hodge, Railway-street, coxswain, married; Henry Hodge, poulterer, Lord-street, married; Thomas Spencer, Hall-street, married; Henry Wright, Hall-street, married; Thomas Jackson, married; Ralph Peters, Boundary-street; Benjamin Peters, son of the above; John Robinson, Boundary-street; Richard Robinson, brother of the above, Boundary-street; Peter Wright, married, St. Luke's-road; Timothy Rigby, married, Railway-street; Robert Jackson, and Thomas Rigby. The following were saved:—Henry Robinson, John Jackson, and John Ball.

Another brave crew of men from St. Anne's-on-the-Sea met a similar fate. They were assembled by signals at ten o'clock on Thursday night and left shortly after for the same wreck in their boat, the Laura Jane, which did good service a week before. She, too, with her crew of thirteen men, was cheered on her journey and was soon battling with the tempestuous sea. Crowds of people lingered for her return all night, and when daylight broke she was nowhere visible. It was rumoured that her crew had lost their oars and that she was anchored to a buoy in the channel. The Blackpool life-boat was launched amid cheers, and the Lytham boat again went out, but after several hours' search in smoother water returned, having seen nothing of the missing boat. There was the greatest agitation and gloom in all the watering-places. In the afternoon five bodies of the St. Anne's boat's crew were washed up at Southport, and the Laura Jane was found bottom up near the wreck. On the boat being righted three more bodies were found entangled among the ropes. The Laura Jane was in charge of Coxswain Johnson. The boat was seen a long way out among the breakers, the night being moonlight; and after it passed under the shadow of a cloud it was never seen again. The boat had to face a wild head-wind and a most tempestuous sea. It was found capsized between the Mexico and the wreck of the ship Nereus, which has been on the banks for some time. The names of those who went out in the St. Anne's life-boat are William Johnson, coxswain, single; Charles Tims, mate, leaves widow and five children; James Dobson, single; James Bonney, leaves a widow and three children; Nicholas Parkinson, single; John Wignall, single; Thomas Bonney, leaves a widow and five children; Oliver Hodgson, single; James Johnson, leaves a widow and five children; Reuben Tims, leaves a widow and three children; James Harrison, single; Thomas Parkinson, leaves a widow and three children; Richard Fisher, leaves a widow and five children.

The Lytham life-boat, named the Charles Biggs, was happily more successful. The signal to man the life-boat was given at Lytham shortly before ten. The crew came up promptly, and the boat was speedily floated from her carriage into the sea. She is a new boat, having been placed on the station as the gift of Mr. Charles Biggs, of Manchester, only a week ago. The coxswain, Clarkson, describing the passage, which in her case was accomplished safely, said "the new boat behaved splendidly," although the waves when they got out to sea ran mountains high, and the broken water was something frightful. The light went out as they got near the ship, and a tremendous sea broke over her. This was between half-past twelve and one o'clock. Apparently the vessel had struck on what is known as the main bank, which lies between Southport and Formby, so that when the life-boat reached her it had accomplished a perilous voyage of over twelve miles. They had great difficulty in getting at the men on the barque, for the sea was constantly breaking over her. The men jumped safely into the life-boat. All the time the boat was out, the greatest anxiety prevailed among the crowd on shore, most of whom kept their position, notwithstanding that heavy showers fell occasionally. As time went on, the excitement increased, until the green flash from the life-boat announced that she was in the vicinity of St. Anne's light-house. The wind had now greatly moderated, but a strong tide was running. Soon after the life-boat was seen returning, and the news that twelve lives had been saved was received with ringing cheers. The life-boat landed at ten minutes past three, and the shipwrecked men, in a very exhausted condition, were taken to the Railway Hotel, where provision had been made for their comfort by Mr. Rymer, the landlord. The life-boat crew and a large crowd followed them thither.

So far as concerns the disaster to the Eliza Fernley, the Southport life-boat, of which we give two illustrations, its story is told by John Jackson, one of the survivors, who resides in West-street, Southport. He says that the boat was launched successfully and went nicely for a time. A very heavy sea was running, and their troubles soon commenced. Charles Hodge, the coxswain, and Peters, the second coxswain, were at the helm, and sea after sea washed over the boat. They were beaten back several times, and shipped an immense quantity of water. It was pitch dark at the time, and the only indication of the distressed barque was the faint glimpse of a lamp which, as the boat got closer, they saw hang from the mizzen top. Jackson was able to discern that the vessel had lost her foremast and mainmast. They were at length within thirty yards of the vessel and could hear no shouting; indeed, the storm rose to such a pitch that it was with difficulty that they could hear their own voices. He was just about letting go the anchor to get the boat alongside, the vessel being then, he should say, twenty yards from the barque, when a tremendous sea caught the boat right amidships and she went over. They expected her to right herself, but she remained bottom upwards. Some of the crew managed at length to crawl out. He and Richard Robinson held firmly on to the rowlocks, and were buffeted about considerably. With some difficulty he got underneath the boat again and spoke, he thought, to Henry Robinson, Thomas Jackson, Timothy Rigby, and Peter Jackson. He called out, "I think she will never right; we have all to be drowned"; and heard a voice, probably Henry Robinson's, say, "I think so, too." He got out again, and found Richard Robinson "fairly done." Robinson leaned heavily on his arm, and he thought he must have been suffocated. Another heavy sea came, and Robinson disappeared with it and was never seen again. While underneath, Jackson called out to his brother, but could get no answer. The boat eventually drifted, bottom upwards, to the shore, and those who were rescued like himself clung to her. He did not know what became of the rest of the crew, but remembered seeing two or three of them struggling to reach the boat. He drifted with the boat bottom upwards to the beach, and staggered home at three o'clock in the morning.

The news of the wreck was made known to the people of Southport at the Mayor's reception festivities, and Dr. Pilkington, local secretary to the Life-Boat Institution, started out to go with the life-boat crew, but when he got to the shore the boat had put off.

The Mexico, the wrecked vessel, was an iron barque, of Hamburg, bound from Liverpool to Guayaquil with a valuable mixed cargo. She left Liverpool on Sunday, and was blown about by the gales until she went ashore.

A Board of Trade inquiry has commenced. The Queen has sent a message of sympathy. A subscription is opened to relieve the families.

The Royal National Life-Boat Institution have received information that no fewer than 118 lives have been saved by their boats during the recent storms.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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A New Tale of great interest, entitled THE CRUSADE OF THE "EXCELSIOR," by Mr. BRET HARTE, will be begun in our issue of Jan. 1, 1887, being the First Number of a New Volume.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

DEC. 18, 1886.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Two-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One penny*. To Alexandria, Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *One penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpenny*. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

BIRTH.
On the 30th ult., at Santa Cruz, California, U.S.A., the wife of Herbert Lloyd Beauchamp, of a son.
* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures.—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

FAUST.—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST at Eight punctually. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Faust, Mr. Alexander; Martha, Mrs. Chippendale; Margaret, Miss Emery. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

MATINEES.—FAUST.—SATURDAYS JAN. 1 and 8, 1887. at Two o'clock. Box-office now open.—LYCEUM.

STRAND.—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—Every Evening, at Eight, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. THE COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performances SATURDAY NEXT, Wednesday, Dec. 23, and on Boxing Day, at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Chas. Terry.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS, 1886-7.
ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY.
The
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL SERIES OF CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES WILL COMMENCE ON BOXING DAY, MONDAY, DEC. 27, at THREE and EIGHT, and be continued EVERY AFTERNOON at THREE and EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT until Saturday, Jan. 15, 1887, after which date the Day Performances will be resumed in their usual order.
AN ENTIRELY NEW and BRILLIANTLY ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT, replete with novel and attractive features, has been prepared for the Holidays. THE COMPANY WILL ALSO BE GREATLY AUGMENTED for the OCCASION. FULL PARTICULARS WILL BE DULY ANNOUNCED.
FIVE THOUSAND SEATS, whence everyone may see and hear with comfort. Tickets and Places can now be secured at Austin's Universal Ticket Office, 21, James's Hall. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Area and Gallery, 1s. No Fees of any Description.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.
LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on Dec. 23, 24, and 25 will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the usual description and class up to and including Thursday, Dec. 30, except those issued for a less distance than ten miles.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS, DEC. 23, 24, and 27. The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.55 p.m., and London Bridge 5 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and on the 24th to Cowes and Newport (at 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).
CHRISTMAS DAY. Extra Fast Trains (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Portsmouth Harbour 7 a.m. and 8.25 a.m., to London. Boats in connection from Ryde 6.30 and 7.30 a.m.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY AND ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.
A Pullman Drawing-Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

CHRISTMAS EVE EXTRA LATE TRAIN.—A Special Train will leave Victoria 11.50 p.m. and London Bridge at Midnight, Friday, Dec. 24, for Redhill, Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—
* The Company's West-End Booking Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, W.; and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings.
Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate-circus.
Gaze's Tourist Offices, 143, Strand.
Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, Cornhill.
Jenkins', The "Red Cap," Camden Town; and 90, Leadenhall-street.
Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.
* These two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Dec. 23, 24, and 25.
For further Particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above offices. (By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager

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MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the Littoral of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1886-7, has much pleasure in announcing the Engagement of the following distinguished Artists:—
Madame Mazzoli-Orsini, Monsieur Vergnet,
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Who will appear in the undermentioned Grand Operas at the Theatre of Monte Carlo:—
AIDA Tuesday, 4th, and Saturday, 8th January.
AMLETO Tuesday, 11th, and Saturday, 15th "
RIGOLETTO Tuesday, 18th, and Saturday, 22nd "
FAUSTO Tuesday, 25th, and Saturday, 29th "
LA TRAVIATA Tuesday, 1st, and Saturday, 5th February.
LUCIA Tuesday, 8th, and Saturday, 12th "
LA FAVORITA Tuesday, 15th, and Saturday, 19th "
LA SONAMBULA Tuesday, 22nd, and Saturday, 26th "
MAITHA Tuesday, 1st, and Saturday, 5th March.
I PURITANI Tuesday, 8th, and Saturday, 12th "
DINORAH Tuesday, 15th, and Saturday, 19th "
EINANI Tuesday, 22nd, and Saturday, 26th "

GRAND CLASSICAL CONCERTS
every Thursday, under the direction of Mr. Steck. Daily Concerts Morning and Evening, with distinguished Solo Performers.
PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONACO.
These Bi-weekly Matches commenced Dec. 14, and will be continued every Tuesday and Thursday, terminating Jan. 13, 1887. Special Prizes are added to each of these events.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCHES.
Saturday, Jan. 15.
Grande Poule d'Essai Prize. 2000f., added to a pool of 100f. each.
Tuesday, Jan. 18.
Prix de l'Ouverture. An Object of Art, added to 100f. entrance.
Friday, Jan. 21, and Saturday, Jan. 22.
Grand Prix du Casino, an Object of Art, and 2000f., with 200f. entrance.
Monday, Jan. 24.
Prix de Monte Carlo. An Object of Art, and 3000f., added to 100f. entrance.
Thursday, Jan. 27.
Prix de Consolation (Handicap). An Object of Art and 1000f.
The Second Series of Matches will commence Feb. 1, and be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, closing on March 4; a Third Series, bi-weekly, commences March 12. Thursday, March 10, and Friday, March 11, the Grand Prix de Cloture, an object of art and 3000f., added to 100f. entrance.

FOX-HUNTING, COURSEING, AND SHOOTING AT "CAP MARTIN" PRESERVES.
Cap Martin is situated about mid-way between Monte Carlo and Menton. Also Roe-Hunting, Pheasant, Partridge, Hare, and Rabbit Shooting. For particulars, apply to Mr. Blondin, Secretary of the Pigeon-Shooting, Monte Carlo.
MONACO.—Monte Carlo is 35 minutes from Nice, 22 hours from Paris, and 30 from London; it is situated south of the Alpes Maritimes, and completely sheltered from the north winds.
The temperature in Winter is the same as that of Nice and Cannes, and similar to that of Paris in the months of May and June; and in Summer the heat is assuaged by the sea breezes. The walks are surrounded by palm-trees, aloes, cactus, camelias, and nearly all the floral kingdom of Africa.

SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.
This is continued during all the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.
The following superior first-class hotels are recommended:—The Grand Hôtel de Paris, and the Grand Hôtel des Bains, the Grand Hôtel Victoria, the Grand Hôtel des Anglais, the Grand Hôtel, the Grand Hôtel de Monte Carlo. There are also other comfortable Hotels—viz., the Hôtel de Russie, Hôtel de Londres, Hôtel Windsor, Hôtel du Colonies, Hôtel de la Terrasse, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, &c. Furnished Villas, and Grand Apartments, fitted up with every elegance and luxury; and others, with less pretensions and suitable to all purses, can be procured.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi, by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages; Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

Sir George C. Strahan, Governor of Tasmania, returns to England after an absence of five years.

Mr. A. B. Kempe, of the Inner Temple, has been appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Newcastle, in succession to the late Mr. Hugh Cowie.

There was a large decrease in the arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool last week from the United States and Canada, there being only five steamers, bringing a total supply of 200 cattle, and 6166 quarters of beef.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Marchioness of Londonderry terminated their visit at Luton Hoo last Saturday, and went to their seat in the north for a few days, thence returning to Dublin.

About fifty plumbers attended last Saturday at the City and Guilds Institute, Finsbury, to undergo a practical examination in order to qualify themselves for registration by the Company of Plumbers.

On Monday the annual general meeting of the constituents of the Hospital Sunday Fund was held at the Mansion House. The report of the Council stated that the fund of 1886 amounted to £40,399, as compared with £34,320 in 1885. The 19th of June was fixed for Hospital Sunday in 1887.

There was a falling off, as compared with last year, in the number of cattle and sheep sent to the Christmas cattle market at Islington. A reduction in the average weight of cattle was also noticed, but this was compensated for by an improvement in point of quality for trade purposes.

The City of London School having been assessed to income tax upon a rating of £5000, the Corporation of London appealed to the Queen's Bench Division, and yesterday Justices Denman and Hawkins held that the institution, being a public school, was exempt from income tax.

Mr. H. Lavington, chairman of the Markets Committee of the Common Council, laid the foundation-stone of the new Central Fish Market, in Farringdon-street, on Monday. The present market is to be converted into a fruit, flower, and vegetable market.

The name of Tom Smith is indissolubly bound up with Christmas crackers, which snap his name as they explode. This firm, which hails from Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, has surpassed itself in the novelties made for the ensuing festive season.

In addition to the numerous specimen-packets of Christmas and New Year cards, from art publishers, already noticed in these columns, we have now to mention some charming productions in this line received from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, of Great New-street. They are of great variety—litteral water-colour landscapes, figures (some humorous), and floral designs—all well executed, and good specimens of colour-printing. This firm publishes also illuminated calendars, mounted on stiff pasteboard, suitable for offices.

On Monday Captain Norman Bell, of the ship Kate Burrill, was presented by Mr. W. H. Alger, the Mayor of Plymouth, as president of the local Marine Board, with a gold medal awarded by the President of the United States in recognition of his gallantry in rescuing the crew of the American ship Jennie Morton on Feb. 29, 1882, in the North Atlantic, about 400 miles east of Cape Hatteras. Captain Bell, the boatswain, and three seamen rowed to the Jennie Morton, which was a waterlogged wreck, and with great difficulty succeeded in rescuing the five men who were upon her.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Food Exhibition at the Aquarium, Westminster, consists, as regards the majority of the stalls, of the mere outer packages of dried grains, bottles containing pickles and sauces, beverages similarly inclosed, and other like objects, which require a more vivid imagination than I, for one, possess to invest them with gustatory interest. On two days, however, an exposition of artistic cookery was given, which was really attractive, especially, as appeared by the critical comments uttered in the French tongue on all sides, to that respectable body the professional *chefs* of the metropolis. Nothing is cooked in the presence of visitors, nor are the recipes even laid for inspection beside the various entrées and other cooked dishes that are exhibited. I think these things would greatly add to the interest of the exhibition if they could be arranged for another year. Some cooks would object to give their recipes, but there might be a special class of honours and rewards for those who would admit the public to their confidence in this manner. As it was, the completed dishes were simply set out on long tables to be looked at.

The *grosse pièces*, those monumental trophies of the cook's art which belong to an extinct era, but which still adorn supper tables occasionally, were several in number. The one which appeared most practical to me was a lion's head, constructed out of a galantine of veal, and placed on a salt block. Bread crumbs covered the accurately modelled head; they were browned just to the colour of a lion's fur, and blanched almonds made capital carnivorous-looking teeth in the open mouth, where a calf's tongue helped the illusion. A perfect miniature jungle of dried and green tropical grasses decorated the *pièce* at each side; a red and gold flag crowned the lion's brow, side by side with the jelly-trimmed silver fork. But the great art of this piece consisted in the fact that a considerable number of helpings could have been cut from the back of it before the appearance would have been injured. A galantine of game was formed into a model of a baby fox, on a salt block, with a garden of little dried grasses and ferns and poppies in bloom rising behind the baby. Very elaborate was the "belle vue" of chicken and tongue, the base of the lard stand being carved in the shapes of anemones and blades of seaweed; then came a lard pedestal; then a flat surface of lard, with handles shaped like curled celery; on this plateau stood tiny vases, cut out of turnips, and filled with green peas, and peas constructed from carrots, and knobs of luscious golden jelly. Above rose the white pyramid of capons masked in sauce à la reine, alternating with glazed tongues, the whole crowned by a vase in lard, full of tinted flowers cut from turnips. The prize edifice was formed of capons and tongues, on a stand of wax, which had a stag's head at each corner, and delicately-veined leaves all round, the whole besprinkled with diamond dust. Above this there came the chickens à la reine and the tongues, serving as supports for a hollowed basin of wax, which had a carved brim, and was filled with flowers; and above these was a pedestal, with, at the four corners, tritons' heads, from the mouths of which issued streams of spun glass, simulating water falling.

The cold entrées were delicious-looking. *Chefs* say that these are always the favourite dishes with ladies, and that the growing demand that there is for *chaud-froids* at smart dinners shows how much more ladies are consulting their own tastes now-a-days than once they used to do! There was a special section for two cold entrées and one cold sweet, by women cooks only, for which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts gave a silver medal. This was won by Gertrude Cole for her fillets of sole à la cardinale (boiled, with a red sauce over), chaud-froid of chicken (fillets, apparently of pounded meat, masked in white sauce, and charmingly decorated with tiny bits of truffle and of parsley sprinkled over in patterns), and Chartreuse of orange à la crème (the quarters of orange embedded regularly in a round mould of jelly, the top covered with the stiff white cream, sprinkled with angelica cut in strips, and the base of the dish decorated with bits of jelly). Women cooks often spoil their things by being too economical. Other attractive sections in the exhibition were those for sauces, salads, sweet entremets, and the folding of table-napkins. A competitor in the last-mentioned section produced thirty-six different designs. One of these was a peacock, with his tufted head and his spread-out tail, his breast being supported on a tumbler. Another napkin was formed into a pair of slippers, with the bread neatly popped inside one of them.

I do not know whether it was by accident that the Vegetarian Society selected the same day as saw this show of modern luxury in food, for an "Illustrative Vegetarian Dinner," to which were invited several "influential benefactors of the poor." The object of the banquet was to show the great economy, combined with wholesomeness, that a diet drawn wholly from the vegetable kingdom possesses, and its consequent suitability for the poorer classes in particular. The majority of the guests were probably unconverted. Lady Alfred Churchill, Archdeacon Farrar, Sir Henry Peek (who originated penny dinners for school children), Canon Mason, the Hon. Conrad Dillon, and two or three members of the London School Board, were amongst the party. The menu was an extensive one; yet everything on it was extremely simple. For instance, the following were the entrées:—"Lentil cutlet à la chef de cuisine, St. Martin's pie of mixed vegetables, braised haricot beans and fried potatoes, macaroni and Indian sauce, and rice fritter." Now, any tolerable cook could guess how to dress all these; yet there was variety enough.

There can be no doubt that on aesthetic grounds, vegetarianism has everything to be said for it. Economy, too, is possible; though I do not believe that there is any saving in vegetarian living, if a nice table be aimed at. Good, fresh vegetables are very dear in London; and though wheat or oatmeal porridge, and brown bread, are cheap, and "filling at the price," yet they must grow dreadfully monotonous after a time, if they are made the exclusive diet. Pea soup, haricot beans stewed, and similar dishes need for their proper preparation a great expenditure of firing; and this is a serious consideration in dealing with the question of a diet for the masses. When the people are supplied with ready-cooked food at cheap rates—and I am convinced that no more valuable work can be done by the benevolent than starting in poor localities co-operative, self-supporting kitchens for this purpose—then it will be possible to give them nourishing and cheap food made from the pulses, flavoured with fresh vegetables, at far cheaper rates than they have to pay for their present occasional fragments of poor meat. The time, trouble, and expense of cooking is the main obstacle to a more general adoption of a diet of pulses; an obstacle far more real than distaste for such a diet amongst the poor. As regards whole-meal bread, which is the vegetarian's great staff of life, and which is truly far superior in flavour and in nutritiousness to white bread—where can the working-man obtain it? The ordinary bakers do not sell it, and the only shops that I know at which it can be bought, even when they are accessible, charge more for whole-meal bread than for that made of bolted flour! Can my hosts of the other evening say how the poor are to overcome practical difficulties like these?

F. F. M.

THREE CHRISTMAS CARDS.

A TREACHEROUS MEMORY.

My memory's shorter than most—
I own that I ought to do better,
But often I go to the post
And return without posting my letter.
On paying a visit one day,
The Abigail asked of me, sweetly,
"What name, if you please, shall I say?"
Dear me! I'd forgotten completely.
The tricks that my memory's played
Would tickle you *ad infinitum*—
But my memory, much I'm afraid,
Would never permit me to write 'em.
But I certainly *shall* think it hard
If I ever forget to remember
To send you a bit of a card
For the dear Twenty-fifth of December!

FATHER CHRISTMAS'S FAVOURITE CHILD.

When father returns, with his pockets wide-bulging,
And kisses all round, to the last little tot,
Be sure, on those pockets their treasures divulging,
Not one of the youngsters is snubbed or forgot.
There's a donkey for Tom, and a trumpet for Dicky,
For Mary a sweet little service of delf,
With candy the baby's made happy and sticky—
But Jill has a dolly as big as herself!
He loves them all round with a sturdy affection,
But, oh! in his heart there's a favourite still,
And the loveliest gift in his varied collection
Is kept for that fortunate favourite, Jill.
May old Father Christmas—that kindest of daddies—
While bringing some keepsake delightful and new
To every one of his lasses and laddies,
Reserve his best gift for his favourite—you!

WANTED—AN ANSWER.

If a very humble person
Bought a simple little card,
With a tiny scrap of verse on,
Telling his devout regard,
Stamped, and then addressed it duly
To a charming little fay,
Tell me what—and tell me truly—
Would that little fairy say?
Would she, in her high displeasure,
Give her darling curls a shake?
Would she keep the tiny treasure
For that humble person's sake?

F. LANGBRIDGE.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"If we could meet" is the title of a pleasing song by Cécile S. Hartog, in which a flowing melody, "andantino expressivo," is supported by an accompaniment in which are some good harmonic effects. "Can I forget" is a song the words of which are adapted, by E. Bucalossi, to the popular "Gitana" waltz, a pretty tune that lends itself well to the present vocal treatment; the intermediate "andante patetico" giving a good effect of contrast to the vivacity of the dance rhythm. "While we dream," song by R. B. Addison, is simple in its vocal melody, which, however, is not absolutely common-place, and is saved from any approach thereto by some effective harmonic treatment in the pianoforte accompaniment. "Our Last Embrace," by Joseph Spawforth, is a setting of some sentimental lines by Edward Oxenford. The music is unpretentious, and may be rendered effective by a singer possessing sympathetic feeling. "Crossing the Brook," by Edith Cooke, is piquant and quaint, and requires humour rather than vocal skill in its rendering. "The Old See-Saw"—words by Catherine Armstrong, music by Annie E. Armstrong—is a setting of some clever lines, the music to which is made very suggestive of the motion implied, by the use of six-eighth time. All these songs are published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., as is "The Penang Centenary Waltz," for the pianoforte, by J. A. Hansen, a series of movements in the dance form specified; spirited and clear in rhythmical style, if not original—this latter quality being almost unattainable now in a form that has become so hackneyed.

"The Fairies' Haunt" is a fantastic dance for the pianoforte, by Julia O'Neill (Osgood and Tuckwood). There is much freakish fancy in the music, which is free from difficulty, and may serve as a pleasing piece for practice by young students.

A biography of Signor Bottesini—extracted from the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*—has just been issued by Messrs. Ricordi, the great music-publishing firm, of London, of Milan, and other Continental cities. The memoir gives a succinct account of the distinguished artist whose incomparable performances on the double-bass have recently (and in past years) rendered him eminent here as well as abroad. Signor Bottesini is also an excellent orchestral conductor, and has likewise composed music of much merit. His career is succinctly traced in the brochure now referred to.

The *History of Music*, by Emil Naumann, 2 vols. (Cassell and Company), is a translation of a copious German work, which has been rendered into English by Mr. F. Praeger, and edited by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley—the former an esteemed London musician; the latter the accomplished Professor of Music at Oxford University. Since the musical histories of Dr. Burney and Sir John Hawkins—published in the latter half of last century—no work of the kind, of such comprehensive extent, has been issued in this country; the smaller books that have recently appeared, dealing with the same subject, being necessarily limited in its treatment. The work now referred to begins with an account of the development of music in the classical and pre-classical eras, and the music of the ancient Oriental nations; and pursues its course through subsequent periods, and the various schools and styles that arose down to the present time; some of the later portion being apparently contributed by Sir F. A. G. Ouseley. A large number of ancient and modern authorities have been consulted, much important matter having been contributed by eminent foreign professors. The work, therefore, is especially valuable for its copious details, its interest being enhanced by a great many illustrations—facsimiles of ancient manuscript music, portraits, musical instruments, &c. Of course, in a work of such extent, perfect accuracy in all the details is scarcely obtainable. A comprehensive History of Music, in three volumes, by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, is in course of publication by Messrs. Trübner and Co.

"La Béarnaise," comic opera, composed by M. Messager, has recently been published by Mr. Alfred Hays, in a handy inexpensive form, for voice and piano; with Mr. Alfred Murray's English version of the original French text of MM. Leterrier and Vanloo—and for pianoforte solo; besides which various dance arrangements are issued by the same publisher. The opera has obtained great success at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Dec. 14.

We have a new Ministry, but the crisis is not at an end. M. Goblet, a little provincial lawyer, who has ceased to be unknown only to become unpopular, has formed a Cabinet with the remnants of the Freycinet Cabinet, a sort of makeshift Cabinet, which will survive the New Year's bonbons only for a very few days. The worst defect of this Cabinet is that it has no Minister of Foreign Affairs; and M. Goblet seeks in vain for a gentleman of capacity to fill this post. This fact alone shows how low is the intellectual level of the present Chamber of Deputies, and how rare are the men of ability who are ready to devote themselves to the political service of their country. The reception of the new Cabinet in the Chamber was more than cold. In the press it finds more ridicule than support. The new Cabinet is composed of MM. Goblet, General Boulanger, Admiral Aube, Granet, Lockroy, Develle, Ed. Milland, Sarrien, Dauphin, and Berthelot, the eminent chemist. Since Sept. 4, 1870, up to the present day, the Government of the Republic has passed through a series of twenty Ministries. The longest was the second Ferry Ministry, which lasted two years and one month; the shortest was that of Gambetta, which lasted barely two months.

The Chamber of Deputies has to-day passed, by a great majority, the Ministerial Bill granting the credits for two months.

A remarkable phenomenon in modern Paris is the development of popular illustration of an artistic kind. Illustration, which fifty years ago was a luxury, has now become a necessity for the moderns, who flee abstractions and demand the materialisation of their thoughts. Paris is now literally ablaze with coloured pictures and illustrated publications of all kinds, which, thanks to the progress of chromo-typography and other mechanical processes of reproduction, are sold at most moderate prices. The most carefully-executed, and the most artistic of all remains the *Figaro Illustré*, in which process engravings are in the majority. One could wish to see the *Figaro Illustré* give more encouragement to the arts of lithography and wood engraving, in which the French formerly excelled.

MM. Firmin-Didot have just published a magnificent edition of "La Femme au XVIII-ème Siècle," by Ed. and J. De Goncourt, illustrated entirely with facsimile mechanical reproductions of the finest and rarest engravings of the masters of the last century. The illustration of this volume has been selected with a view to systematically completing the text which it accompanies chapter by chapter. Even the binding of this handsome quarto is a reproduction of a rich one of the eighteenth century. MM. Didot have also published a splendidly illustrated quarto, "Les Civilisations de l'Inde," by Dr. Gustave Le Bon, who has been travelling for years in India under the patronage of the French Government, making photographs and drawings, and studying the history of the religious manners and customs of India, not so much in written documents as in the monuments, the temples, the bas-reliefs, the statues, and the art of the country. Dr. Le Bon gives us an account—and a most novel and fascinating account—of Indian civilisation from the Vedic period down to the present day, together with a curious study of our present English administration. The author's previsions of the future are not very hopeful. He foresees a fusion of the Orient and the Occident by means of steam and electricity; an awakening of the East; and the inevitable economic and warlike conquest of the decadent West by the sober and enthusiastic East. The victory, he thinks, will, as usual, rest with the peoples who have the strongest ideal and the fewest needs—that is to say, with the religious and frugal Orientals, who are already ruining French agriculture with their cheap grain.

Apropos of the grand fêtes which are being organised at Paris for the benefit of the victims of the floods in the south, the press remarks that the generosity of the French, shown on the occasion of the disasters of Szegedin, Murcia, and Ischia seems to have been forgotten by the Hungarians, the Spaniards, and the Italians. Nobody has thought of organising fêtes either at Pesth, Madrid, or Naples, for the benefit of the French.

The marriage is announced of Prince Roland Bonaparte with his cousin Lætitia, daughter of Prince Jérôme and of Princess Clotilde. Prince Roland has inherited a considerable fortune from his first wife, the daughter of Monaco Blanc, of roulette renown.

T. C.

The celebrated Italian statesman Signor Minghetti died on the 10th inst., at the age of sixty-eight; and on the news of his decease becoming known in the Italian Chamber, while engaged in the discussion of the Foreign Estimates, the deputies immediately adjourned, as a token of respect.

Countess Beust died on Sunday morning, at Altenberg, having survived her husband only a few weeks. In her youth she was a great beauty, and her portrait was painted to figure in King Louis' celebrated gallery of lovely women.

The festivities in celebration of the coming of age of Prince Constantine, the eldest son of the King and Queen of Greece, began on Monday. The first feature of the day's programme was the state visit of the Royal family to the cathedral. King George, with the Crown Prince and Prince Nicholas, rode thither on horseback through streets which were thronged to excess with enthusiastic and cheering crowds; and after them came, driving in a magnificent carriage, used on this occasion for the first time, Queen Olga and her eldest daughter, Princess Alexandra, wearing the Greek national costume. The cathedral itself was crowded. After a Te Deum had been sung, the Crown Prince took the military oath, repeating the words after the Metropolitan in clear and distinct tones. The Queen was affected to tears while the solemn ceremony was being proceeded with. When it was over, three ringing cheers for the King and Prince Constantine resounded through the cathedral, and were taken up by the crowds outside. The Mayors of 350 Greek towns and the representatives of numerous Greek communities abroad were present in the cathedral. A grand ball was given at the palace in the evening, for which over 2000 invitations had been issued.

The Bulgarian Crown was offered on Tuesday informally to Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. In answering the inquiry as to whether he would allow himself to be put in nomination for the Bulgarian throne, he answered that he must consult the Emperor of Austria, but that he had reason to believe that his candidature would be approved both by the Emperor of Austria and by the Czar.

O'Donovan Rossa has been expelled from the Fenian family for "fraud, treachery, treason, persistent violation of the constitution in financial matters, and gross indiscretion."

The Viceroy of India arrived at Madras last Saturday, and on Sunday was at Pondicherry, this being the first visit paid by a British Viceroy to this French possession. Sir M. Grant Duff, late Governor of Madras, embarked at Bombay on Thursday week, on his return to England.

Sir Anthony and Lady Musgrave, with their family, arrived at Brisbane from England on Sunday.



THE LIFE-BOAT DISASTERS IN LAST WEEK'S GALE: ONE OF THE TWO LIFE-BOATS CAPSIZED IN ATTEMPTING TO SAVE THE CREW OF THE BARQUE MEXICO, ON THE LANCASHIRE COAST.

MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts are on the point of the usual suspension during the Christmas vacation. Only one more performance remains to be given this year. That of last Saturday was conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose overture to "The Sapphire Necklace," and his incidental music to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," respectively opened and closed the programme. The overture belongs to an opera which has not yet been produced; portions only having been given in concert performance. The other music was composed for the production of the comedy at the Gaiety Theatre in 1874. Middle. Kleeberg's artistic performance of Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto, and songs gracefully—if not powerfully—rendered by Miss Agnes Janson, were among the features of Saturday's concert. That of this week will be in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Carl Maria Von Weber, the programme consisting of a selection from his works.

The Bach Choir gave the first of three concerts at Prince's Hall on Monday evening, when the programme comprised only one piece bearing the name of Bach, and that was a motet by J. C. Bach—cousin of the great John Sebastian—an impressive work, but somewhat monotonous. The other choral music was nearly all of the old school; by Michael Pretorius, Anerio, S. S. Wesley, Orlando Gibbons, Dowland, and Morley; a madrigal by Walmisley, and an arrangement of an ancient carol by Pearsall, belonging to recent dates. A violin sonata by Handel, neatly played by Miss Lucy Stone, and some old pieces for the virginal, well rendered on the pianoforte by Mr. J. A. F. Maitland, completed the selection. Dr. C. V. Stanford conducted.

The third of the present series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts took place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, the performances having included two of the works composed for and produced at the Leeds Festival in October last; two others, Dvorák's oratorio "St. Ludmila," and Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," having previously been given in London, as already recorded. The programme of Tuesday last comprised Dr. Stanford's setting of Lord Tennyson's ballad "The Revenge," for chorus and orchestra; and Dr. Mackenzie's cantata, "The Story of Sayid." The first of these is a vigorous musical rendering of the spirited lines celebrating the gallant action of Sir Richard Grenville with the Spanish fleet. The cantata is composed to a book skilfully adapted by Mr. Joseph Bennett from Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith," the music presenting many passages of dramatic power and expressive beauty. Both these works have already been spoken of in reference to their first performance at Leeds. On Tuesday the cantata had the advantage of the co-operation of the same principal singers—Madame Albani, Mr. B. McGuckin, and Mr. W. Mills, in association, respectively, with the music assigned to the characters of Ilmas, Sayid, and Sawa—some subordinate passages having been allotted to Mr. V. Edwards. Both works again produced a marked impression. In the cantata, especially effective were Ilmas's airs, "First of his Prophet's Warriors" and "O love, thy car triumphal"; Sayid's impassioned and elaborate solo, "Where sets the sun"; the love-duet for the two characters named, the solemn march, the graceful chorus of maidens, "Sweet the balmy days of spring," and other choral passages. The performance of both works was generally efficient; the chorus-singing having occasionally been somewhat over-energetic. Each of the composers referred to was called forward. The concert opened with Schubert's Funeral March, as orchestrated by Liszt, which was given in memoriam. Dr. Mackenzie conducted all the performances.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society gave the third concert of the sixteenth season this week, Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption" having been announced for performance.

The fifth of the London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall—conducted by Mr. Henschel—also took place this week. The programme included a violin concerto by Herr Gernsheim, for the first time here; and a scena and prayer from the opera "Wanda," by Mr. Charles Thane, for the first time in England. Of the performances we must speak next week.

The musical festival organised by the Royal Society of Musicians at Westminster Abbey (in lieu of the long-established annual performance of "The Messiah") took place last week, too late for our notice until now. Miss A. Marriott, Miss Ambler, Mr. H. Kearton, and a full orchestra and chorus, gave effect to the music, which included Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," the soprano solo, with chorus, "From Thy love as a Father," and the setting of the Hymn of St. Francis of Assisod (produced at the Worcester Festival of 1884), by Dr. J. F. Bridge, who conducted last week's performances in the abbey, the effect of which was highly impressive.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a students' orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, yesterday (Friday) week, conducted by Mr. Barnby, who has recently succeeded to that office. The performances of students are not subjects for minute criticism; it may suffice, therefore, to say that they were generally commendable. Misses Armfield, Quick, and Condy displayed more or less merit in vocal pieces, as did Misses E. Boyce and M. Lyons in pianoforte-playing, and Miss C. Gates in a movement from Beethoven's violin concerto. On the previous evening an orchestral concert was given by the students of the Royal College of Music, in the West Theatre of the Royal Albert Hall. Besides other features, the programme included a fairly good performance of Schubert's Mass in F, and a meritorious rendering, by Mr. M. M. Barton, of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G.

"The Messiah" was announced for performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at St. James's Hall, yesterday (Friday) evening.

A concert by the students of the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music was given at Prince's Hall on Tuesday evening, when Sir Henry Holland, Bart., distributed the prizes to the successful students.

Mr. Algernon H. Lindo gave his first pianoforte recital (matinée d'invitation) on Thursday afternoon at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street; and Miss Anita Austin gave a ballad and instrumental concert, under distinguished patronage, in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall, in the evening.

The Heckmann String Quartet Party are to close their interesting series of historical performances, at Steinway Hall, this (Saturday) afternoon.

Offenbach's "La Grande Duchesse" has been running at Her Majesty's Theatre, and will be given this (Saturday) evening for the benefit of Mr. Mayer, this being the close of performances by the French opera company.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall will be suspended, after that of next Monday evening, until Jan. 8, when the first afternoon performance of the year will be given. Since our last notice of these concerts, Mr. Max Pauer has reappeared as solo pianist.

The competition for the newly-founded Liszt Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music will take place in April, the last day for receiving candidates' names being March 21. This scholarship will be open for competition to male and female candidates, natives of any country, between fourteen and

twenty years of age, and will be awarded to the one who may be judged to evince the greatest merit in pianoforte playing or in composition. All candidates must pass an examination in general education before entering the musical contest. The holder will be entitled to three years' free instruction in the Academy; and, after that, to a yearly sum to aid in the extension of his or her musical experience for two years on the Continent.

Mr. Francesco Berger (professor at the Royal Academy of Music, and honorary secretary of the Philharmonic Society) and Mr. Wilhelm Ganz have been appointed professors of the pianoforte, and Mr. Hollander professor of the violin, at the Guildhall School of Music.

Mr. Carl Rosa's company will open a new series of operatic performances in English at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Jan. 3; his London season, at Drury-Lane Theatre, beginning on May 2. The new opera, "Nordisa" (written and composed by Mr. F. Corder), will be first given at Liverpool, and will be afterwards produced in London. Mr. Rosa's company is so strong, and his repertoire so extensive, that both his provincial and his metropolitan season must prove highly attractive.

THE POET LAUREATE'S NEW VOLUME.

No poem written by Lord Tennyson is so full of fervid passion, of vivid imagery, of the energy and melancholy of youth, as "Locksley Hall." That splendid burst of invective and feeling, of despondency and aspiration, sweeps along as with the force of a torrent, and carries the reader with it. We need not recall a poem in which the Laureate may be said to have reached the high-water mark of his genius. Yet if any person has lost a distinct recollection of those splendid stanzas, it will be necessary to recall them before taking up the volume which in our world of literature has made this week memorable. *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, &c. (Macmillan and Co.), contains four poems. Of these three are already known to the public—namely, "The Fleet," the ode on the "Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition by the Queen," and "The Promise of May," a drama which, as our readers are aware, has been produced on the stage. "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" is the poem to which all admirers of Tennyson will turn with eager curiosity. We do not think they will be disappointed. The lyrical love rapture of the original poem is not, of course, to be found in the sequel. The man of eighty cannot be expected to write as the youth of twenty wrote, after his "shallow-hearted" cousin Amy had deserted him. When the poem opens there is death in Locksley Hall, for its master, Amy's husband, has gone, after striving "for sixty widowed years," to help his brother men. So we learn that his poet-rival had wronged him, and also that Amy died young. In the church may be seen her sweet face, "All in white Italian marble, looking still as if she smiled." The "old, white-headed dreamer" kisses her marble brow, and does so without pain, for the fires that shook him once have fallen away to silent ashes. Gone, too, are the friends of his youth, and gone the wife whose love amply compensated for the loss of Amy—

Gone with whom for forty years my life in golden sequence ran—
She, with all the charm of woman; she, with all the breadth of man;
Strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith, loyal, lowly, sweet,
Feminine to her inmost heart, and feminine to her tender feet.

Gone, too, is their sailor son; and no one is left to the old man but the grandchild to whom he tells his story. Yet he knows they are not gone for ever—

No; for since our dying race began
Ever, ever, and for ever was the leading light of man.

In the original "Locksley Hall," the speaker, it will be remembered, passes from his personal sorrow to the great subjects filling the thoughts of the world, and doubts not that "thru' the ages one increasing purpose runs." The same method will be found in the sequel, and the same trust also; although the poet deplures, in words of fiery invective, the follies and evils of the time. When, he asks, was age so crammed with menace, with written and spoken lies, with political illusions? The poet cried, "Forward!" once, but thinks that now that cry should be hushed, for we are moving in a wrong direction, and trusting Imperial interests to "the suffrage of the plow." Not, indeed, that rustics would not feel and follow Truth if only their leaders were true, and not "rivals of realm-ruining party."

Plowmen, shepherds, have I found, and more than once, and still could find
Sons of God and Kings of men in utter nobleness of mind.

Here and there a cotter's babe is Royal-born by right divine;
Here and there my Lord is lower than his oxen or his swine.

But the "hustings-liar," who declares that all men are equals, may cause England to fall. The social evils of our cities are deplored in burning words, which we must not stay to quote; and, indeed, it is unnecessary, for the poem will be universally read. Let us hope that the writer is in error when he says that science grows and beauty dwindles, and that "poor old History, poor old Poetry" are passing hence. The world is an old world, but to every fresh-comer it is new in beauty, and so long as youth and love remain there will be poetry; and we are optimists enough to believe that history will not perish—

In the common deluge drowning old political common-sense.

We must not, however, treat a poet's utterances too literally. The poem, which is longer than its prototype, must be read as a whole; and the spirit that animates it is expressed in these fine stanzas:—

Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine:
Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.
Follow Light and do the Right—for man can half control his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

The Libraries Act has been adopted in Fulham by 3788 votes, as against 1324.

In London last week 2485 births and 1738 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 185, and the deaths 45, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The seventh annual exhibition of the home-made toys and of the bought toys that will, thanks to the kindly forethought of the proprietor of *Truth* and the liberality of its readers, be distributed at Christmas to the children in the various London hospitals, workhouses, and infirmaries, will take place at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, to-day (Saturday), and next Monday. The directors of these rooms have allowed the use of them free of all charge for the purposes of the exhibition, which will be opened each day at 10.30 a.m., and will remain open until six p.m. Admission will be free on presentation of a visiting-card, and subscribers and their friends, and all who take an interest in the happiness and welfare of the children in the various London hospitals and workhouses, are requested to pay a visit to Willis's Rooms on the occasion. The editor of *Truth* has received a letter from "A Friend," accompanied by 9000 new sixpences. In 1883 this same "Friend" gave 5000 sixpences for distribution, 8000 in 1884, and the same number last year.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN CRAMPTON, BART.

Sir John Fiennes Twistleton Crampton, Bart., K.C.B., died on the 5th inst. He was born Aug. 12, 1805, the eldest son of Sir Philip Crampton, M.D., F.R.S., Surgeon-General to the Forces and Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen, in Ireland, and was educated at Winchester, Eton, and Trinity College, Dublin. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1826, and, after a very distinguished career, retired in 1869. After filling minor appointments at Turin, St. Petersburg, Brussels, and Vienna, he became Secretary of Legation at Washington 1845 to 1852, and Chargé d'Affaires there 1847 to 1852. From 1852 to 1857 he was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States; from 1857 to 1858 to the Court of Hanover; from 1858 to 1861 to Russia; and from 1861 to 1869 to Spain. The decoration of K.C.B. was conferred on him in 1856. He succeeded to the baronetcy at the death of his father, Sir Philip Crampton, the very eminent surgeon, in 1858; and married, March 31, 1860, Victoire, second daughter of M. W. Balfe, the composer, which marriage was dissolved, on her petition, in 1863. Sir John having died without issue, the baronetcy is extinct.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir H. C. Paulet, Bart., on the 11th inst. His memoir will be given next week.

Colonel Thomas Gonne, Assistant Adjutant-General, Dublin District, at the Royal Barracks there, aged fifty-one.

Mr. Mark Anthony, the eminent landscape painter, on the 1st inst., in his seventieth year.

Mr. Alfred Guthrie Grahame Bonar, late H.B.M. Minister at Berne, on the 5th inst.

Major W. O'Brien Taylor, standard-bearer Royal Body Guard, on the 7th inst., aged fifty-three.

Dr. Nicholson, of Penrith, the well-known Oriental scholar, aged seventy-eight. He was son of the late Rev. Mark Nicholson, M.A., President of Codrington College, Barbados.

Dowager Lady Ripley (Susan), widow of Sir Henry William Ripley, and daughter of the late Mr. John Milligan, of Balmagie, N.B.

Lieutenant-Colonel Grenville Hylton Wells, commanding Soudan Mounted Cavalry, on the 3rd inst., at Cairo, aged thirty-one. He was eldest son of Mr. Grenville Wells, of Harpsden Court, Oxfordshire, by the Hon. Allada Harriet Jolliffe, his wife, daughter of the first Lord Hylton.

Mr. Edward Hugh Wilson, of Dallam Tower, Westmoreland, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff of the county, on the 8th inst., at his seat near Milnthorpe, aged thirty-seven. The Wilsons of Dallam Tower are one of the first families in Westmoreland.

Mrs. Henrietta Graeme Oliphant, of Orchill, Perthshire, widow of Mr. James Oliphant, of Gask, in the county of Perth, and daughter and heiress of the late Mr. James Gillespie Grahame, by Margaret Anne Graeme, his wife, heiress of the Orchill branch of the noble house of Montrose; on the 9th inst., at Gask House, near Auchterarder.

Mr. John Bagnall, of Duffield, in the county of Derby, J.P., metropolitan police magistrate (Woolwich and Greenwich), on the 5th inst., in his sixty-fifth year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. John Bagnall, of Duffield, Q.C., Recorder of Derby, was called to the Bar in 1848, and appointed stipendiary at Woolwich and Greenwich 1874.

A LIFE-BOAT COMPETITION.

It may be remembered that a prize of £600 was offered at the International Fisheries Exhibition for the best full-sized life-boat fully equipped on a carriage; and that it was ultimately awarded, with a gold medal and diploma, to the self-righting life-boat, "The Rescue," belonging to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, which was shown to possess the usual valuable qualities characteristic of the boats of the Institution, in regard to self-righting, self-ejecting of water, great lateral stability and resistance to upsetting. Another of the competing boats was built by Messrs. Forrest and Son, of Limehouse; it was designed for use as a coast life-boat; it only varied slightly in form from the Institution's boat, and possessed many of its features. The third boat was known as the "Timmis-Hodgson Patent Reversible Life-boat"; the inventors claimed that it could not be stove in or swamped, that it was uncapsizable, unsinkable, and reversible, and was thus able to act as a life-boat, or as a life raft; and also, that as a ship's boat it could be stowed at davits, in the usual way, or launched without any davits.

On the occasion of one of the trials, made with the three life-boats off Brighton, the boats were taken on their carriages to the edge of the water, and were then launched on a signal from the West Pier. The Forrest boat, manned by a crew from Eastbourne, got off first, and, though a heavy breaker nearly sent her broadside on the beach, she soon righted, and, under oars, stood out to sea in good style. The Timmis-Hodgson boat, with a scratch Brighton crew, followed in a short time, and made a good start; whilst the Rescue, manned by the crew of the Institution's local boat, was some seconds later, but also made a good launch, the style in which it rose to the waves exciting considerable admiration. The boats were rowed to buoys moored about half a mile off the shore, and then hoisted sail and passed round a steamer; they returned to the shore, after being engaged for about an hour, during which their movements were watched with great interest. The judges were Vice-Admiral (now Sir John) Corbett, C.B., Vice-Admiral D. Robertson Macdonald, and Captain James F. Prowse, R.N., Board of Trade Inspector of Life-Saving Apparatus, who were assisted as assessor by Captain Poland, Master of the West Pier; the Coastguard, under Captain Kemball, R.N., also rendered assistance. The weather was fine and bright, with a stiff breeze almost due south, and the water, though only moderately rough, was disturbed enough to give a fair, if not severe, test of the qualities of the competing boats.

During the past thirty-two years the self-righting life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution have been launched nearly 5000 times on service, and have saved upwards of 12,000 lives. The boats have been capsized altogether forty-one times, but only on eighteen of those occasions was there any loss of life. The number of lives lost, counting the twenty-seven men who perished on the occasion of the recent sad disasters to the Southport and St. Anne's life-boats, amounts to only eighty-eight, including twelve shipwrecked persons. The seventy-six life-boatmen lost represent about one in 850 of the men employed in the boats on service, and the capsizes were at the rate of one in each of the 120 service launches. The life-boats have also been out on exercise within the same period of thirty-two years upwards of 15,000 times, with the loss of only eight lives.

Mr. Wynne E. Baxter was on Monday elected Coroner for East Middlesex.

ROMANTIC SPAIN.

Extraordinary and truly Hibernian vivacity is the main characteristic of *Romantic Spain*: by John Augustus O'Shea (Ward and Downey), two volumes written in the usual style of the "special correspondent," to whom—as also to the French "sapper"—there is "nothing sacred," nothing serious, and whose chief object is to be lively. The "special correspondent" learns not to be dull, whatever else he may or may not be; and these two volumes prove how laboriously the writer has striven to be what was expected of him. That an approximation to dulness should be discernible in parts of the narrative is a matter of course, else one might hope to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; but far more discernible are the conscientious efforts made to keep up a lively tone under the most discouraging circumstances, even in recording the most common-place details of life among the Carlists. Apparently the author would like readers to approach his work under a conviction that never before have they had a chance of imbibing any trustworthy knowledge of Spain and the Spaniards. He admits that Ford and Borrow, and Sala (the "G. A. S." of this journal) really had or have had personal experience of Spain, and were or are acquainted with something more than the mere taste of Spanish liquorice; but, whether it be that the works of those authors are not so popular as one had supposed them to be, or have been out of print for some time, he declares point-blank that "Spain is not known; and yet it is not for the lack of word-painters to make it familiar in pen-and-ink pictures." Let us hope that henceforth, with the aid of these two pleasant, somewhat rollicking volumes, not to mention grave histories of the Peninsular War and the lighter works of Englishmen and Englishwomen who have "walked through Spain," whether with or without a knapsack, the benighted people of this country may begin to have some faint conception of what the land of the Cid is really like, and what are the habits, manners, and customs of the people who dwell in those regions which have been well irrigated by English blood, and to which so many English invalids (to say nothing of "robustious" tourists) repair annually in search of a more genial climate than their own. The two volumes abound with accounts of personal adventure in Spain "from the abdication of Amadeus to the entry of Don Carlos"; and that is the sort of narrative which best "suits the book" of the general reader. The incidents may not come up to the standard of Baron Munchausen or even of Othello in the stories with which he beguiled the sympathetic Desdemona; but they are by no means devoid of interest, and they are recounted in the bright manner of one who is a past master in the art of such narration. How singular, if not original, the author is in his views may be inferred from two facts: that he adores Spanish bull-fighting, which he would probably include in a curriculum of the higher education of women, and that he dedicates his book to a gentleman (Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt) with whom he has "never exchanged a word," because that gentleman "hath killed a bull in the arena," and "is husband of Byron's grand-daughter; and Byron was a poet." Of course there is a description of a bull-fight; and—once more—a very disgusting spectacle it must be. There is certainly something to be said for the gallant bull, for the poor horses (because they cannot help themselves), for the toreadors, for the matador, and the rest of the actual performers: for the spectators nothing at all, unless we plead "the custom of the country," a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

THE THREE LIFE-BOATS.

DECEMBER 9, 1883.

A hurricane blew from the wild north-west,
And the sea leapt up with an angry roar;
And a signal boomed from a barque distressed,
Fast drifting down on a deadly shore.

Hands gripped hands in the parting-pain;
Eyes gleamed wan in the lurid light,
As the rockets hissed through the driving rain
And pierced the shield of the sable night.

Three bright gleams answered the signal-flare;
Three gunshots shivered the dark and died.
"Courage!" "Hope!" Is there boat will dare
To stem the stress of the foaming tide?

Men of Lytham! St. Anne's! Awake!
Men of Southport! Arise and heed!
Pause no jot for the sweet life's sake,
Here are brothers in urgent need!

Out went the order from post to post!
Hands were willing and hearts were brave;
Three life-boats launched from the rocky coast,
Ready for battle with wind and wave!

"Down with them, lads! Pull might and main!
Let the broad blades bend in the noble strife!
Which shall be first the wreck to gain?
Which shall be first to Save a Life?"

"Cheerily now! Give way—give way!
Save hurrahs—we shall want our breath;
Cheerily now! To snatch his prey
From the jaws of the old sea-monster, Death."

The sweat-drops stood upon brow and breast,
Their beards were stiff with the sandy spume,
As borne on the swell of a seaward crest
They hurled to the heart of the howling gloom!

The wild day peeped 'twixt her bars of wrack,
The east was red with the hue of blood,
As one of the boats came riding back
On the shoreward swell of the yeasty flood!

Welcome, Lytham! Brave craft and true,
Welcome! have you not fought the fight?
Yet tell us—what of the other Two
Who sprang to the shock of the storm last night?

Silence only—and then a cry!
Oh, mourning mothers and weeping wives!
What have ye now to do but die,
Reft of those strong sustaining lives?

Yet their deed shall live on the rolls of Fame
Though their graves be made by the lonely shore
And their children's children shall honour claim
As sons of the Heroes, evermore!—CLO. GRAVES.

At the Merchant Taylors' Hall, Threadneedle-street, on Monday evening—the Lord Mayor presiding—the Lord Chancellor presented prizes and certificates to the successful students at the recent examinations in connection with the City and Guilds of London; and on the same day Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., was present at the distribution of prizes to the students of the science and art classes, at Folkestone.

CHAPTERS FROM FAMILY CHESTS.

Readers who like to gain their knowledge of history through the medium of family gossip may be recommended to open *Chapters from Family Chests*, by Edward Walford, M.A.—2 vols. (Hurst and Blackett)—the author of more than one work of a cognate character. The "chests" of which Mr. Walford has the key are sixty-four in number; and it will be seen that an examination of the contents, in the brief space at our command, is out of the question. We must begin at the beginning, however, to note the interesting fact related at length by Mr. Walford, that Bemersyde, one of the few castles on the Scottish Border which is still inhabited, is owned by a member of the very ancient Haig family, so that the prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer holds good, after six centuries—

Tide what may betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.

That a legend should be associated with so old a house is reasonable; and a lady who rises from the water at midnight with a wild shriek testifies to the evil conduct of a former master of the castle. We are on safer ground on turning to the story of the "Bad Lord Byron," who forced a quarrel on Mr. Chaworth, and killed him. There seemed to be a curse upon the house, as there was upon the house of Cowdray. A monk is said to have prophesied that it would come to an end by fire and water; and the tourist visiting the ruins is told how the eldest son of Lord Montague was drowned in the Rhine at the very time when Cowdray House was destroyed by fire. It is pleasanter to read of the restoration of a family than of its destruction; and a capital chapter is given to the Shepherd Lord, whose return to the home of his ancestors has been celebrated by Wordsworth. Pleasant and merry is the account of John Duddleston, the boddice-maker of Bristol, who, on one occasion, treated Prince George of Denmark to a homely dinner; and afterwards, with his wife on a pillion behind him, rode up to London, when the Queen made him a Knight, and a year later, a Baronet. Anne gave his wife the gold watch from her side, and the good lady carried it with her to market. Even joys like these, however, are fleeting. Sir John lost his only son, lost his wife, lost £20,000 at sea, and died of sorrow. Of eccentric characters, Mr. Walford describes more than one. Here figures Lady Cork, the well-known lion-hunter, who liked to entertain every celebrity at her house. She is said to have worn an enormous plume, which led a wit of the time to declare that she was like a shuttlecock—all cork and feathers; a witticism we recommend Mr. Walford to quote in his next edition. Here may be seen Matthew, Lord Rokeby, who was regarded as somewhat of a madman because he bathed in the open air, winter and summer, and wore a beard. Here, too, the reader makes the acquaintance of the Hon. Mrs. Damer, an amateur sculptor, who "wrote Latin like Pliny," executed the colossal bust of Nelson in the Guildhall, and, at her death, directed "that her apron and her tools should be buried with her, and also the bones of a favourite dog." Of actresses who passed from the stage to wear coronets we have records, also, in these "chests": notably of Harriet Mellon, Duchess of St. Albans, and of Eliza Farren, Countess of Derby. Mr. Walford seizes on picturesque or strange incidents, and turns them to good account. Ghosts play their parts in his pages, so do lovers; and for readers who have imbibed a taste for shilling dreadfuls, here are genuine murders, suicides, duels, curses fulfilled—in short, plenty of the heroic incidents and "creepy" stories which every person, who, like Catherine Morland, has a turn for romance, expects to find in family chests.

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AND Nice Hands!

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

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Professor Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.,

Writes in the JOURNAL OF CUTANEOUS MEDICINE:—

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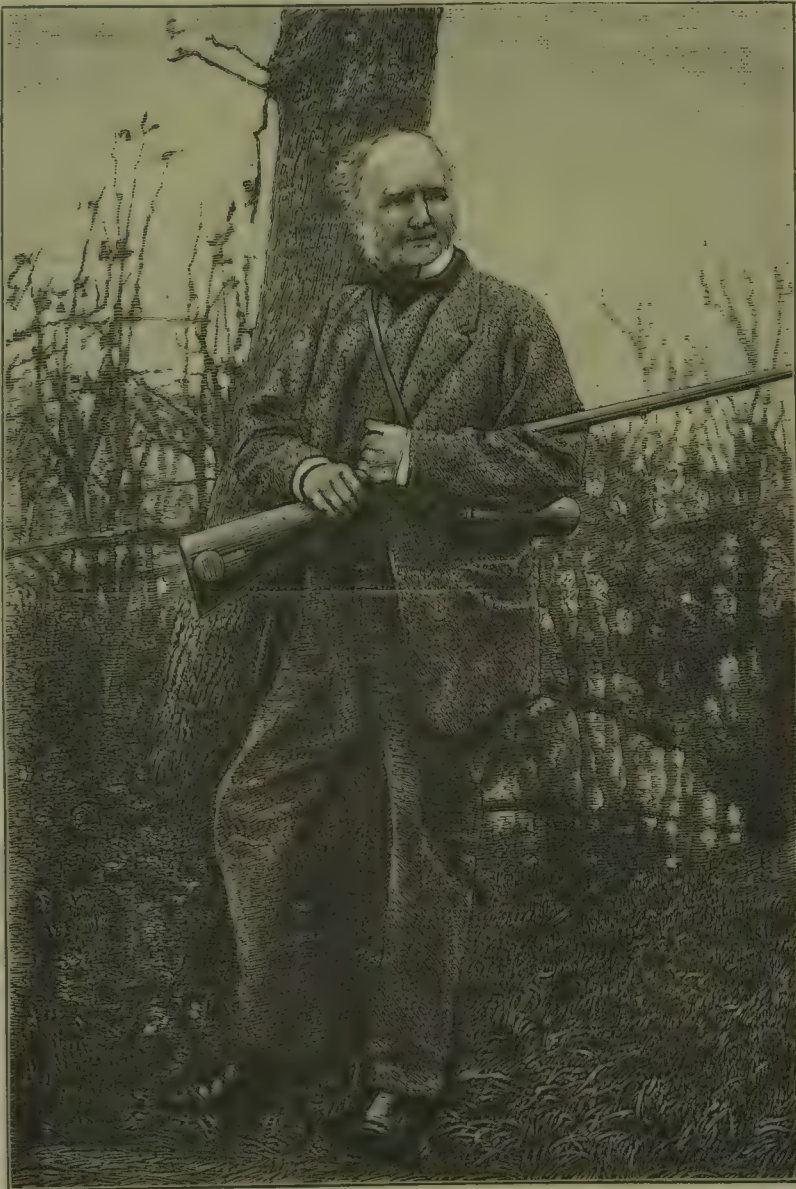
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THE LATE MR. HORATIO ROSS.

Mr. Horatio Ross, of Rossie Lodge, Inverness, formerly of Rossie, Forfarshire, and Netherley, Kincardineshire, who has sometimes been called the "King of riflemen and sportsmen," died last week, at Inverness, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was born 1801, eldest son of Mr. Hercules Ross, of Rossie Castle, Montrose, his mother being a daughter of Mr. John Parish, of Neinstaden. He was educated at the Edinburgh University, and entered the 14th Light Dragoons in 1820; but he soon became famous in the hunting-field among the hardest riders of Melton Mowbray, and was the winner of the first recorded steeple-chase, riding Clinker against Captain Douglas on Radical. He was also in those days distinguished as an athlete and a yachtsman. As showing his powers of endurance, although he had scarcely attained manhood, it is stated that, while acting as umpire to the late Lord Kennedy, Sir Andrew Leith Hay, and others, at a walking-match from the River Dee to Inverness, a distance of ninety-seven miles, he was the only one who reached the goal unassisted, and he accomplished the journey without halt or rest. It was as a "shot," however, that Horatio Ross first attracted universal attention. His skill with the fowling-piece, rifle, or pistol has rarely or never been excelled. His feats in the Highlands were numerous, and attracted universal attention; for, whether in pigeon-shooting or other form of sport, his weapons were always deadly beyond experience. At the rifle range he was equally successful. He won numerous prizes, among them being the Wimbledon Cup, the Association Cup, the Duke of Cambridge's Cup (in 1867). Four years before—in the year 1863—the gallant sportsman, with three of his sons, who seemed to have inherited much of the father's skill, formed four of the Scottish eight at Wimbledon. As a deer-stalker, he had no equal. He was the first sportsman in the Highland hills in the year 1814, and he was the very last in the year 1884, and during this long period of seventy years he never missed a season. His favourite sporting ground of late years was the forest of Wyvis, near Dingwall. His trophies of the forest were every year exceptionally splendid. His name is also associated with Indian sport. In the old days of duelling Mr. Ross acted as second sixteen times, yet he never saw a duel fought, for he always succeeded by tact and good temper to bring about a reconciliation between the parties. In his quiet retreat at Rossie Lodge the veteran deer-stalker delighted to meet his friends, and, possessed of a good fund of Scotch humour, he cheered his visitors with happy reminiscences of by-gone days and tales of the field. He devoted himself also to politics. In the year 1831 he successfully contested the Aberdeen, Montrose, and Arbroath Burghs, and during two Parliaments through which he sat he took a prominent part in the debates, particularly on various subjects connected with game and agriculture. The duties of Parliament, however, were too irksome for a frame accustomed to the exhilarating exercise of the field and the hillside, and he retired to seek fresh pleasures in the Highlands. Mr. Ross has left a numerous family of sons and daughters.



THE LATE MR. HORATIO ROSS,
"THE KING OF RIFLEMEN AND SPORTSMEN."

THE BULGARIAN CRISIS.

The three delegates, Mr. Stoiloff, Dr. Grecoff, and Mr. Caltcheff, appointed by the Bulgarian Sobranjé, or National Assembly, to visit the principal Governments of Europe (except that of Russia) and to explain the situation of their country, have been well received at Vienna. Count Kalnoky, the Austrian

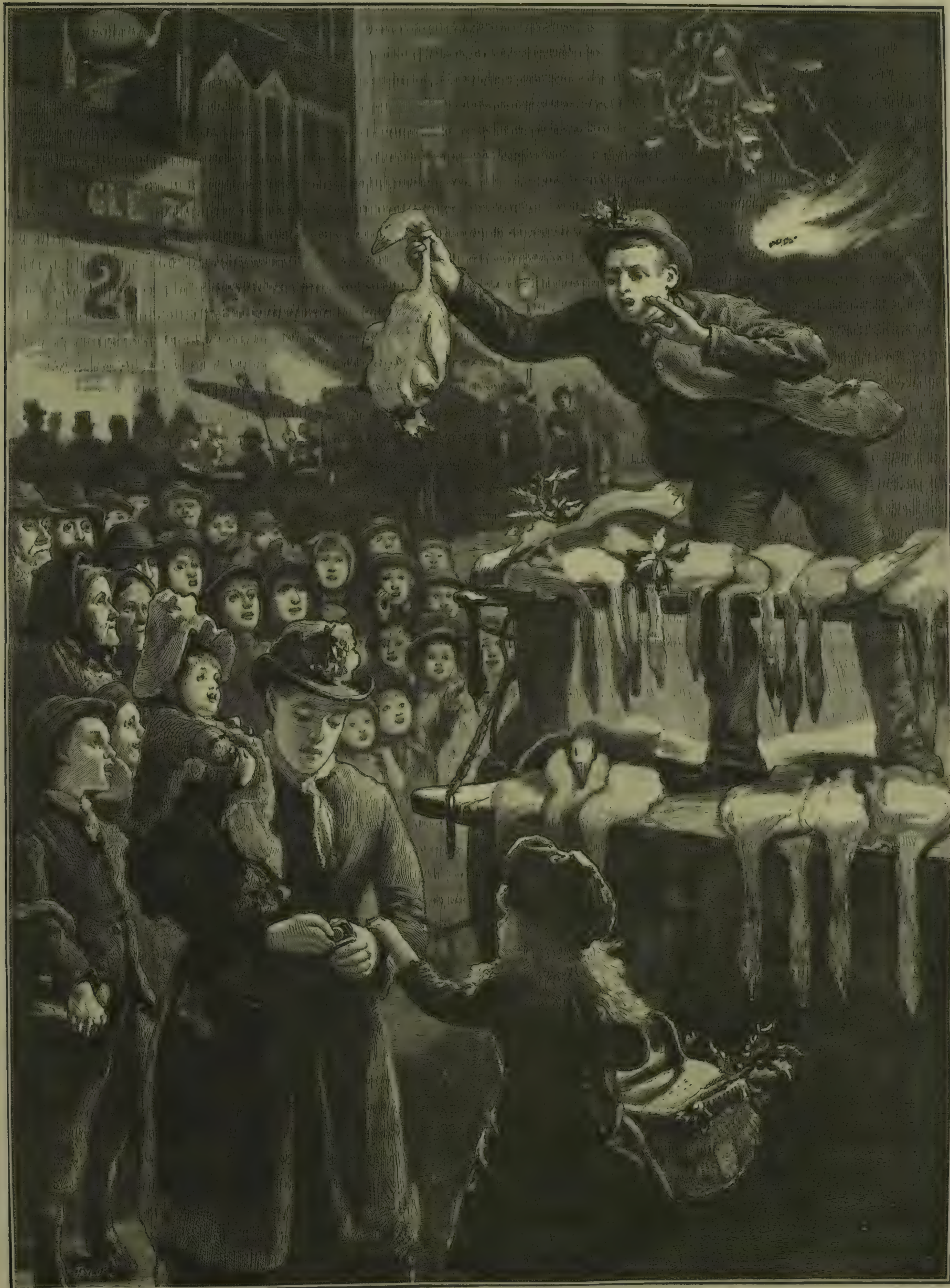
Minister of Foreign Affairs, had a long interview with them last week; they told him that the Bulgarian Regency, the Ministry, and the majority in the Sobranjé, having regard to the independence of their country, could not and would not accept a Russian Prince. Any other Prince proposed by the Powers would be accepted, provided that he were an honourable man, who could be trusted to rule over his adopted country with singleness of purpose. In reply, Count Kalnoky emphatically told them that no occupation of the country by a foreign Power would be permitted. On the subject of the Prince of Mingrelia's candidature, he fully recognised the right of the Bulgarians to elect their own Prince, and, after listening to what the delegates had to say against the Russian nominee, answered:—"The moment you object to the Prince there is an end of the matter." In conclusion, Count Kalnoky stated that he would do his utmost to assist in bringing the Bulgarian crisis to a speedy termination. With regard to the Bulgarian finances, M. Grecoff says the country has tided over its most difficult moment, and is now in good circumstances. There are 6,000,000*l.* of reserve in the Treasury, and no very large outlay will be required till the spring, when 8,000,000*l.* will have to be paid for the railway works. The Delegates repeat, in most precise terms, the denial already officially telegraphed from Sofia as to the alleged ill-treatment and torturing of prisoners in Bulgarian jails. M. Stoiloff affirms that the total number of prisoners now confined for alleged outrages in connection with the disturbances fomented by General Kaulbars is only forty-two. He adds that the Bulgarian prisons are always open to the inspection of foreign Consuls; and that, if any of the alleged brutalities had occurred, it would have been most easy for the Consuls to obtain evidence of the fact. The Delegates have left Vienna for Berlin, whence they will come to London, and will afterwards proceed to Paris and to Rome.

The Austro-Hungarian Government has permitted the transit of arms for Bulgaria through the Empire. In consequence, fifty cannon of large calibre, three mountain batteries, 30,000 kilogrammes of gunpowder, and 500,000 cartridges, ordered in Germany, will be forwarded to Bulgaria within a few days from Vienna.

The Emperor Alexander III. of Russia has promoted his late agent in Bulgaria, General Kaulbars, to the rank of Lieutenant-General, for his distinguished services in intriguing against the Bulgarian Government, and attempting to get up conspiracies and insurrections. Those Russian attempts were happily rendered abortive by the firmness, loyalty, and patriotism of the Bulgarian people and soldiers. We publish a sketch, by M. Lachmann, of an incident that occurred three weeks ago, when a few conspirators, arrested at Beckovazt in the house of a priest, were taken in military custody to Tirnova, to be tried for the offence. At Sofia, on the 24th ult., a conspiracy was detected among the cadets of the "Junker" Military School, instigated by their professors and teachers, Captain Tepavitscharoff, Captain Georgenoff, and Captain Belezoff, with three Lieutenants, who had taken part in the plot of Aug. 21 against Prince Alexander.



BULGARIAN CONSPIRATORS ESCORTED FROM BECKOVAZT TO TIRNOVA.
SKETCH BY M. LACHMANN.



THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE MERCHANT.



TWO LITTLE DOVES.
FROM A PAINTING BY B. HALL.

TWO LITTLE DOVES.

The Coloured Picture given for our Extra Supplement is a reproduction of one painted by B. Hall, representing a child with a dove—a twofold type of innocence. The tenderness of infancy is here associated with that bird which has, perhaps undeservedly, been selected as an emblem of mildness and softness of temper; yet naturalists confess that all the pigeon tribe are quarrelsome among themselves, and few winged creatures are more voracious. The division or group of "true doves," including the English wood-pigeon, the stock-dove, and the "rock-dove," from which our domesticated varieties are derived, is sufficiently familiar; those last mentioned are useful and agreeable companions of man. In Palestine, Egypt, and most countries of the East, they are reared in such abundance that it was natural to take this bird as the representative

of all flying and hovering in the air with no hostile intentions, unlike the eagle or the falcon, which rises with a view to pounce on its prey. From beautiful instances of Hebrew tradition, the dove became a sign of divine grace, of pardon and reconciliation, and was, by the Levitical law, accepted from the poor, instead of a lamb, for the temple sacrifice. The vision of the dove, recorded at the commencement of Christ's ministry, had a peculiar significance for the Jews, and has passed into the mind of Christendom. But even in heathen Rome, in the proverbial verse of Horace, doves are contrasted with crows, the one as an example of dishonesty, the other of innocence, though both are equally known to be thieves. The Romans placed the urns and ashes of their dead kinsfolk in the ranged cells of buildings which they called "columbaria," from their resemblance to the usual dove-cote; and Christian sepulchres in the catacombs of Rome were

formed on a similar plan. So various are the associations contributing to this sentiment in favour of the dove, mingling sacred, historical, legendary, romantic, and domestic reminiscences, that its name has become endeared to every people. The word in English rhymes with "love," which has made it go a good way in the poetry of the affections; but "my love, my dove, my undefiled" was the language of endearment long ages since; and so let it pass for the child hugging her beloved pet bird, the simple subject of our Coloured Picture to-day.

The Michaelmas law sittings end on Tuesday next, when the Judges rise for the Christmas vacation.

Mr. Adolphus George Charles Liddell, of the North-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed chief clerk in the Crown Office, House of Lords.

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is a durable and beautiful Present, which the Children will welcome with rapturous delight. This unique Doll is of the best manufacture, having wax head, with finest eyes and hair, and, although a veritable Prima Donna, costs no more than an ordinary first-class Doll of equal size.

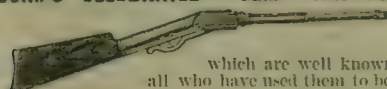
Hark to the Doll, how sweetly she sings! Oh! what delight and what rapture she brings; Children are clapping their hands with delight; This Doll is a wonder, and beautiful sight.

Each Doll sings one popular tune, and is made in three sizes. No. 1 is 22 in. high, price 12s. 6d.; No. 2, 24 in. high, price 15s.; No. 3, 26 in. high, price 18s. Sent, securely packed and carriage free, on receipt of P. O. Order.

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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1904.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

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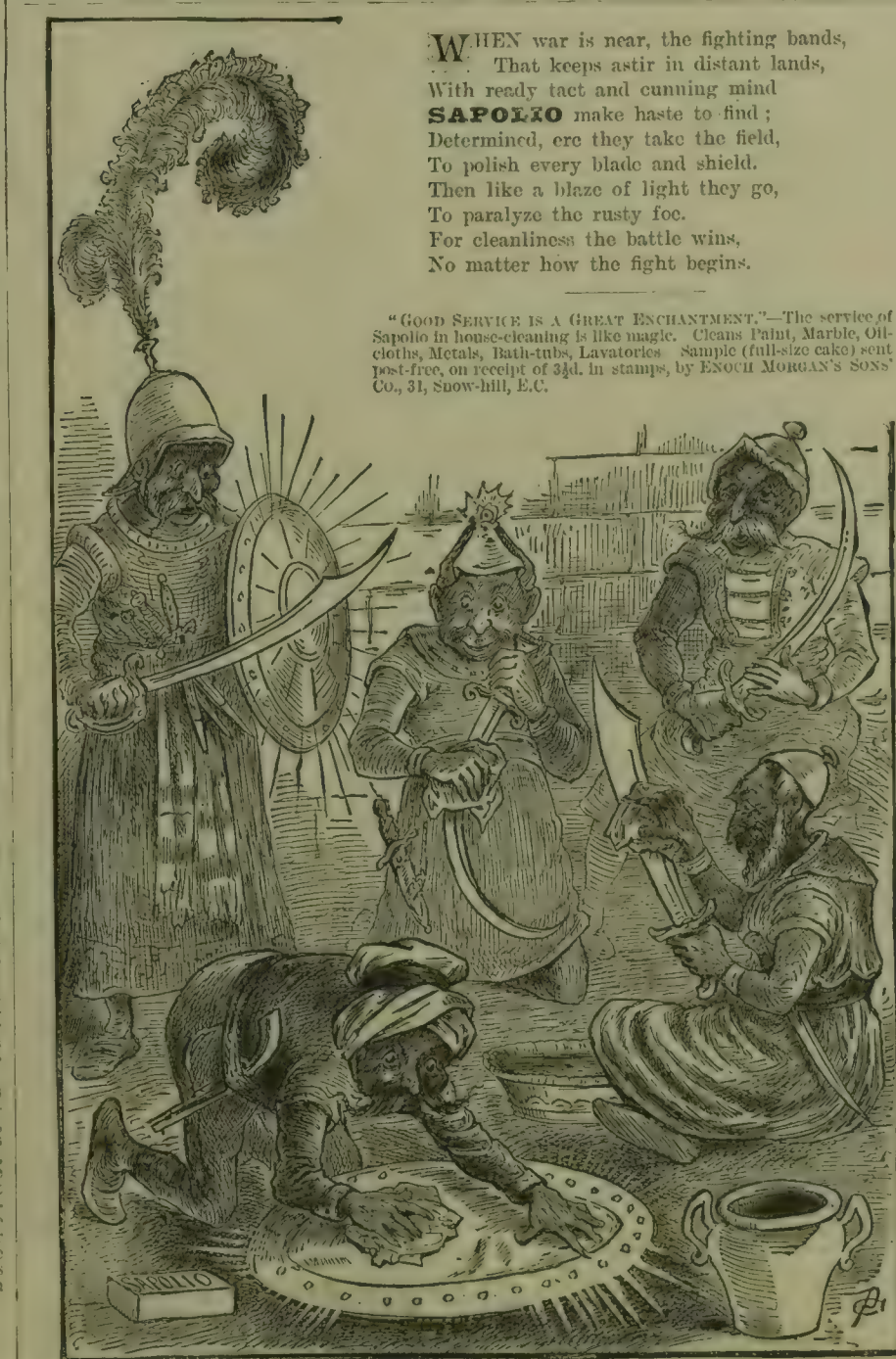
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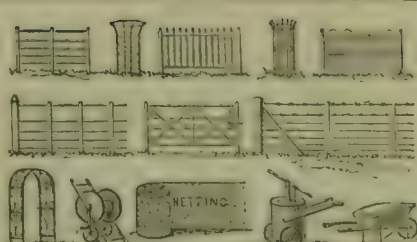
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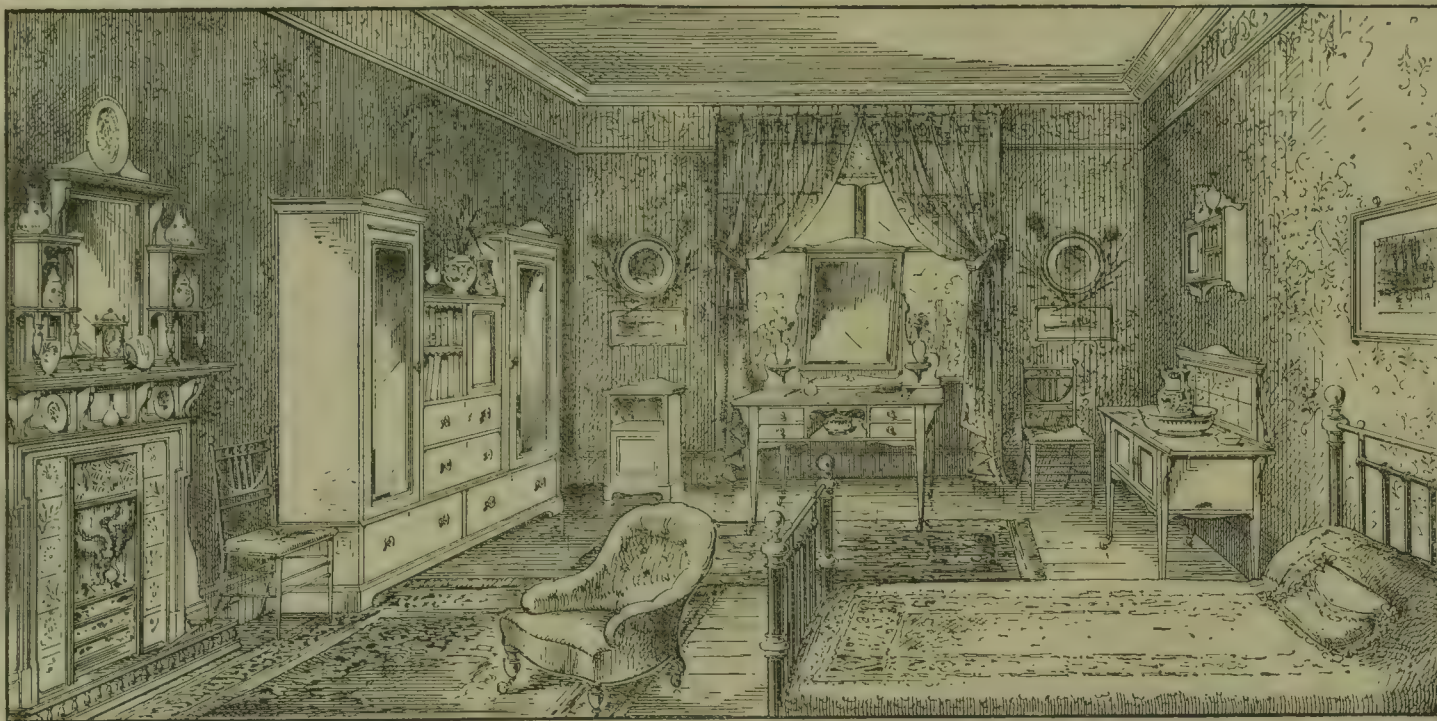
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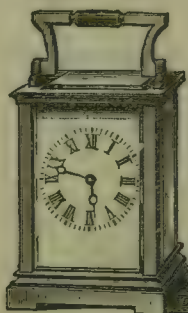
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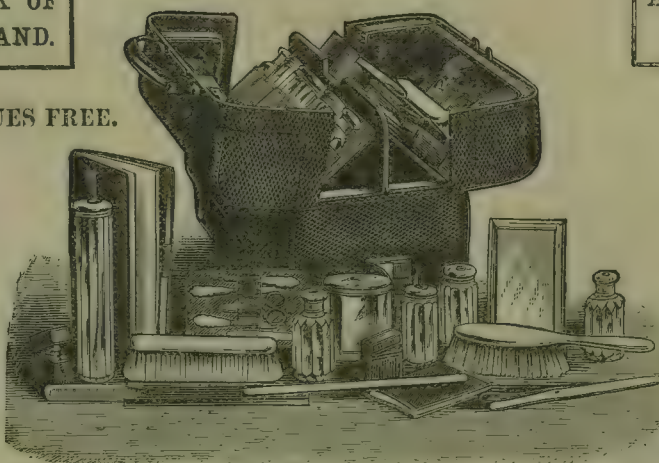
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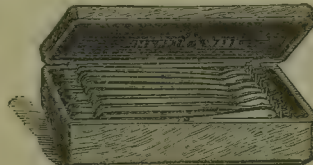
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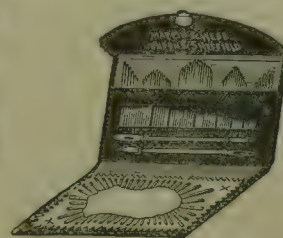
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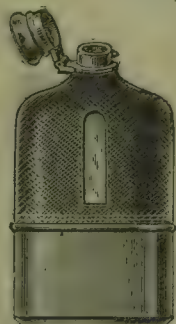
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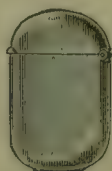
250 Finest Gold-Eyed Needles,
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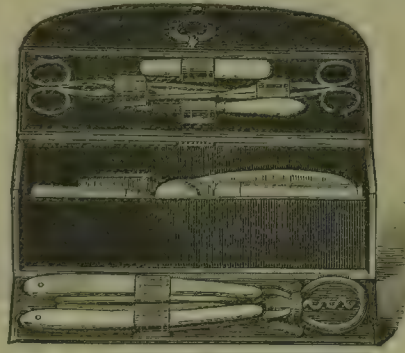
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THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBRON," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII. (Continued.)

Then the Second Lieutenant of the ship was called, and he gave evidence that he was at his station on the main deck when the action began, and testified to the disgust of the men when they learned that the ship was surrendered. This was the more astonishing to them, as their Captain had the reputation of uncommon courage. At first the men refused to believe that the vessel was surrendered, and called upon each other to fight it out.

The Third Lieutenant gave similar evidence, adding that, had not the men been fully convinced of the Captain's bravery and judgment, there would have been a mutiny on board; and that they thought the ship must be sinking at least, or dangerously on fire, or that it was some stratagem, counterfeited, or design by which the Captain thought to fool the enemy, and that they looked at each other and laughed aloud, waiting for the word to lay the guns, and fire. Further, that the enemy did not believe it possible that a British ship should thus cowardly be yielded up, and continued to fire upon the Calypso, the shot passing through the rigging and the sails, but doing no further mischief. Nor did the men believe that the ship was surrendered until the French boat came alongside and the Captain gave the word to back the sails and lay down arms, which they all did with a very bad grace, yet still persuaded that something fatal had happened to the ship, and that the colours were struck to save their lives.

The Lieutenant of Marines deposed that his men were drawn up in readiness on the quarter-deck and fo'k'sle, and stated plainly that he had no doubt of the issue, because the Frenchman had only one thought—namely, to get away; and, in his opinion, it had been the Captain's intention to attack and take all three ships, with the help of the Resolute; and that nothing in the world had ever surprised him more than the strange behaviour of the Captain, from whom so much had been expected.

Captain Easterbrook declined to ask any questions of these witnesses. Was he, then, going to make no attempt at a defence?

They called the Purser, who put in the Captain's log-book, which is always done on these trials, I am told, but I know not why. And then I thought we should surely proceed to the defence, because there could be no doubt of the main fact—namely, that the Captain had certainly struck the colours.

But they delayed the case in order to call the Master, who confirmed the First Lieutenant's evidence as to the preparations for engaging the enemy; and the Gunner, who also confirmed the evidence; and the bo's'n and the carpenter, who added little to the evidence already before the Court, except the fact that when the men were under hatches and knew what had been done, the swearing and cursing of the crew were strong enough to lift the decks.

"Gentlemen," said the Deputy Judge-Advocate, "there is no other evidence before the Court."

"Stay," said the President, "call the Marine of whose conduct in the recapture of the ship Lieutenant Macdonald hath spoken."

So they called Aaron Fletcher.

When this witness stepped forward, looking, it must be confessed, a much smarter and finer man in his scarlet coat than he ever looked as a landsman, Jack's face flushed. It was his fate never to be out of reach of this man's animosity. Twice had Aaron tried to take his life, when that was most worth having. Once he had saved his life when he himself had most ardently desired to lose it. Now he was present to give evidence in the hour of his open humiliation.

"I thought," he told me afterwards, "that I had drained the whole cup. But the bitterest drop was when that man stood before me, as if Bess, poor girl! had not yet forgiven me, and had sent her old lover to gloat over my discomfiture. She hath forgiven me, however; therefore I need not have been troubled."

The Court ordered the man to be sworn, and bade him relate all that he knew concerning the affair, and particularly as to the retaking of the ship from the French.

"I was on the fo'k'sle," said Aaron, speaking boldly, and no whit abashed at the solemnity of the Court and the rank of the Judges. "I was on the fo'k'sle, with the rest of the company drawn up and armed, the muskets being loaded and inspected, waiting for the word to fire, which would have been in a few minutes, as we expected. Then a shot from the enemy struck our bows and the wood went flying; but no one, that I could see, was hurt. And then I saw the Captain strike the flag and cut down the First Lieutenant. 'Mates,' I whispered presently, 'either the ship is sinking, or the Captain has lost his stomach for the fight. If she sinks, we go to Davy's Locker; if he's played the coward, he will swing.' As he said these words, he turned his face to Jack with a look of triumph in his eyes. 'We were all sent down below,' he continued, 'when the Frenchmen came aboard, and there we stayed with no arms and short rations. Two days afterwards I was on deck, taking my spell of fresh air with the others—about a dozen men in all. We were leaning against the bulwarks wishing the job was over, and cursing the Captain, who was sitting on the quarter-deck on the trunnions of a carronade, his hands on his knees, staring straight before him as if he saw the rope dangling before his eyes, already noosed for him. Suddenly I saw him spring from his place and catch the French officer, who was walking the deck, by the throat, and shake him like a dog. Then he threw him on the deck (where the Frenchman lay stunned and half dead) and he tore his sword from him; then he rushed upon one of the sentries and cut him down, and attacked the other! some of the Frenchmen, seeing what was done, cried out in their own lingo, and ran aft, some firing pistols and some drawing cutlasses. Whereupon I called out to my mates and seized a rammer, which was the best thing for a weapon I could come at, and ran after them, and so to the Captain's side, for I plainly saw that his design was to kill as many of the Frenchmen as he could, and to be killed himself, which I resolved to prevent if I could. And then the other Englishmen joined me, and in a very few minutes we had half of the prize crew killed or wounded, and the other half crying for quarter; but the Captain was so furious that for some time he would give none, throwing himself upon all such as had weapons and would fight. Hard work I had to save him. But I did. When 'twas all over there wasn't a scratch upon him. I saved him, your Honours. With a rammer I saved his life."

"Your courage," said the President, "does you credit. I shall take care that it is duly represented to the Colonel of your regiment; and if your conduct is reported as equal to your gallantry, you will not go without your reward. The Captain, you think, sought for death?"

"No one," said Aaron, "who did not want to be killed could have behaved as he did. Before the enemy called for

quarter, we had driven them together in the waist, where they were shouting and threatening to charge us with pikes and bayonets, but we had weapons by this time, and were ready to receive them. But they did not charge, because the Captain leaped into the middle of them with nothing but his sword in his hand, laying about him like a madman. He was sober and in his senses when he cowardly hauled down the flag, but he was now, when he attacked the prize crew, gone stark mad. If he hadn't been mad and not known what he was about, we should never have taken the ship."

"And you leaped after him?" asked one of the Court.

"I had my rammer, which was almost as good as a quarter-staff; and I'd rather have a quarter-staff than a sword any day, or a pike either, if there's room for play."

"And this you did out of devotion or loyalty to your Captain?" asked the President, astonished at the man's coolness, and the deliberation with which he gave his evidence.

"Nay, nay," he replied, grinning again, "I saved his life because I should have been sorry to see him die like a brave man. All I wanted was to see him swing, your Honours, for striking his colours."

These words produced a sensation in the Court; and all eyes were turned upon this witness who (though but a simple Marine), carried devotion to his country's honour unto so great a height. But the officers of the Calypso whispered together, and I heard such words passed from one to the other as "rascal," "six dozen," "the first chance," "not good enough for him," and so forth, from which I conjectured that Aaron would find a warm welcome if he went to sea again on board this vessel. I think he must have heard the whispers; but he cared nothing for them. He was now enjoying a revenge sweeter far than any he had ever dreamed of or hoped for. This was, indeed, far better than to have murdered the Captain with his own hand.

Therefore, he turned his ugly face to the prisoner, and grinned with the satisfaction of his ignoble triumph. The Court, however, seemed to take the words for an outburst of honest and patriotic feeling which did credit to this rough and simple fellow.

Captain Easterbrook refused to ask any questions of this witness either. It was now between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, when the President asked the prisoner if he designed to call any witnesses for the defence, and proposed to adjourn the Court until the following day.

"Sir," said Jack, "I have no witnesses to call."

"Then," said the President, "you would doubtless wish for time to prepare your defence. It is now late; we will adjourn the Court until to-morrow."

"Sir," said Jack, "I thank you. But, with permission of the Court, I will make my defence without further delay. I will not trouble the Court to adjourn."

The Court conferred, and presently said that they would hear the prisoner at once, if he chose.

"Gentlemen," Jack began, "I have but few words to say; and as for defence, I have none. I have been at sea since my thirteenth year, and am now four-and-twenty. During this time I have been present in many actions, and I have never received aught but commendation from my superior officers. I served first under Captain Holmes, of the Lenox, and next on board the Countess of Dorset, when I was cast away on the coast of Patagonia, and, after wandering among the Indians, I was prisoner first to the Spaniards, and afterwards to the French. But I broke prison, and was appointed Third Lieutenant to Captain Lockhart, of the Tartar. I submit that my character for courage was never impugned on board any of these vessels, and Captain Lockhart hath thought fit to bear testimony in his despatches to my conduct in the many engagements fought by his ship. You have also heard how I was enabled, by the help of those of my crew then on deck, to take the ship again."

He paused here, as if he was unwilling to say what was in his mind.

"I submit to the Court," said the Deputy Judge-Advocate, "that these facts, which I think the Court will not dispute, do not constitute any defence."

"They are no defence," Jack replied. "I state them because they form my only consolation in this hour. I have no defence. The charge is true. My officers and crew would have taken not only the Malicieuse but the two other ships as well. Their evidence is true in every particular. I wish to testify that no Commander ever had better officers, a handier vessel, or a heartier crew. I threw all away. I struck the colours. I cowardly and treacherously surrendered my ship without firing a shot. I have but one prayer to make of the Court. It is that this act, which was wholly my own, may not in the least degree prejudice the future of my brave Lieutenants. It was this shameful hand, and none other, which hauled down the flag of the Calypso."

When he concluded, there was silence for a space, because the Court and everybody present were taken by surprise, and because the contemplation of this tall and handsome lad (he seemed no more) thus avowing, not proudly, but shamefully, and yet honestly and fully, his own dishonour, overwhelmed us with sadness. From his officers, standing together, there were whispers, which could be heard all over the Court: "He was mad. A madman is not answerable for his doings. No one but a madman would have done it." And so forth. And I verily believe, and have been assured, that there was not one among them all who would not gladly have put out to sea again under Captain Easterbrook, in full confidence that he would fight the ship as long as a man was left alive to stand beside him.

As for me, I had looked to see him call some witnesses. He could not, it is true, call Bess Westmoreland; nor could he tell the whole truth, else he would have stood before the Court and said, "Gentlemen, this is none other than the Hand of GOD which hath struck me for my sins, and because I broke my solemn oath, passed to a woman. The Hand hath struck me in that way which most deeply and most bitterly I should feel. For I never feared to die, nor to be wounded, but always and before all things have I loved and prized honour and been jealous for my good name, and longed to distinguish myself and to rise in the service. Wherefore, now have I been deprived of the thing which most of all I prized, and stand before you all, bereft of honour, a cowardly Commander, so that there remains for me nothing but death; and whether I am hanged or shot, I care not, so that I may die soon. For there is no place where I could live whither my shame would not also follow me and be quickly brazened forth to all the folk. Sentence me, therefore, quickly, and let me go."

This I say, he felt and knew to be the truth. Yet he would not say it. But he might have called Mr. Brinjes, who would have testified, which is the truth, though it did not perhaps touch the case, that men who have been in places where the sun is hot, especially such as have wandered about without any covering for their heads, are often subject to sudden fits of madness, during which they know not what they do; and that perhaps this was the case with Captain Easterbrook. Nay, I have heard learned physicians, disputing on such points, argue that sudden fits of madness are often produced by exposure to the hot sun; so that a man who hath once received a sun-

stroke, as they call it, may, in such an access, commit murder or any other crime, and not know afterwards what he hath done.

The case being then concluded, and the whole evidence completed, with such defence as the defendant had thought fit to set up, order was given to clear the court. Which was done, the guard of Marines taking the Captain back to his cabin, and the Judges being left alone.

"He will die," said Captain Petherick; "I see in his eyes that there is nothing left for him to desire but death. The day of his execution will be welcome to him. Yet I hope that they will not hang him like a cur, but will shoot him like a brave man."

"He was certainly mad," said Mr. Shelvocke. "I remember once, being then off the Ladrone Islands."

"Ay," said Mr. Brinjes, interrupting—"I had not seen him in court; yet he was there, dressed as if for the club—" "Ay. The boy was mad. What? Would a coward have resolved upon so desperate an enterprise as to attack the prize crew single-handed? Death was before him—death if he failed; death if he succeeded; for to succeed was but to throw himself into a court-martial. Whereas if he had suffered the ship to sail into Brest Harbour, he might have lived in France all his life in safety, and no one to know what had happened. Now, what can they do but sentence him to be hanged or shot? Luke, my lad, if I had Aaron ashore, I would make every one of his teeth like a lump of red-hot iron; rheumatic pains should grind his joints and twist his nerves; gout should tear and rend his stomach; tic should stick sharp teeth into his face. Well—patience! something will happen unto Aaron yet. If, now, the poor boy had been suffered to have his wish, he would have died in the moment of victory, when he had reconquered the ship. As for witchcraft"—here he whispered—"but that I know the poor wretch loves him still, and would rather die than suffer him to come to any harm, I should believe that Bess was at the bottom of the mischief. I say not that she is a witch; but no one knows what a revengeful woman can do when once she dabbles in the Forbidden Art."

Bess, was, indeed, at the bottom of the mischief, but in a way which Mr. Brinjes could not understand; for he had not, so far as I could discover, the fear of the Lord before his eyes, and was, indeed, little better than a Pagan.

"There is again," he said, "the old black woman. But then Jack was to marry her mistress, and therefore she would not harm him. Yet there must be a girl in it, and she must have put Obi upon him by the help of some, though I knew not that there were any other Obeah men in this country, besides myself. If I were younger, I would go to Portsmouth and find that woman, and then, Luke, my lad, she should be made to feel as if it had been better for her never to have been born."

"Bess, at least, is no witch," I said, for the fire of his one eye was so bright that I feared he might have fallen upon her, or, at least, compelled her to tell him the truth.

"This woman, whoever she may be, hath robbed the King's service of the most gallant officer. She hath deprived a lovely woman of her sweetheart; she hath covered us all with shame and confusion. Wherefore, may her flesh fall rotten from her bones! May"—

"Nay, Mr. Brinjes," I said, "when you find her you can curse her. Let not your curses loose upon an unknown woman."

He stopped, but it was because at this moment the Court was thrown open and the prisoner was taken back to hear his sentence. We learned afterwards that there was a difference of opinion among the Judges, some inclining to mercy on the ground of the Captain's conduct in recapturing the ship. But in the end the sterner counsels prevailed; and, indeed, the Commander of a ship can on no grounds be pardoned for surrendering to the enemy save in extremity. Suppose a man commits a forgery, is it any defence that before and after this act of wickedness he led a good and virtuous life? Suppose a boy picks a pocket, is it any defence that he is sorry, and would fain give back the purse and the money that was in it?

We went back to the Court. Alas! The prisoner's sword was now reversed, and lay upon the table the point towards the prisoner, which meant Death.

"Guilty," whispered Mr. Brinjes, not looking at the sword. "Death is written in their faces." It was. And yet the brave officers who had already passed and signed the sentence of death, showed compassion in their faces.

As for me, I cannot even now, after nearly forty years have passed, think of that moment without the tears rising to my eyes. The Court was crowded with fine ladies, who had come from London to see the trial. They thought, perhaps, to enjoy the spectacle of a gallant man brought to shame, but they could not without tears and sobbing look upon this poor fellow, tall and manly, brought forth to hear a sentence of death.

The Deputy Judge-Advocate arose, and read the sentence in his hand, signed by every member of the Court.

"Captain John Easterbrook, the court-martial duly held upon you for the loss of his Majesty's ship the Calypso, find that you did cowardly surrender your ship. The sentence of the Court is, that on a day to be presently appointed, according to the will of his Gracious Majesty the King, you be placed upon the quarter-deck of the Calypso and be there shot to death. God save the King!"

"Gentlemen," said Jack, in a clear firm voice, "I thank the Court for their patient hearing of the case. I looked for no other verdict, and I desire no other. I acknowledge the justice of the sentence. God save the King!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

AFTER THE COURT-MARTIAL.

Thus ended the court-martial; thus was made grievous shipwreck of a gallant youth's ambition, his honour, and his life: yet, as to his honour, 'twas stoutly and steadfastly maintained by all sailors, and especially by the officers and men of the Calypso, that the Captain's surrender (being done in a moment of madness or by power of witchcraft) was fully atoned for by his surprising recapture of the ship. That, too, has always been the opinion of his friends, though, for my own part, as the only one left who knows the whole truth, I cannot but acknowledge that the madness was sent by Heaven, just as much as that madness which the ancients feigned to have been inflicted on the Greek hero who slew cattle and sheep, thinking they were his enemies. Therefore, no atonement for his deed was necessary, seeing that it was itself a punishment inflicted by the hand of a justly-offended Creator.

I know not who told the truth to the Admiral, but perhaps it was Mr. Brinjes; who went daily to see him on account of an attack of gout, brought on partly by his distress of mind and the shame of this untoward event, and partly by the fault of the poor old gentleman himself, who tried to drown care with port wine and punch. This attack obstinately resisted the Apothecary's remedies. Indeed, though for the time he presently recovered, yet he came no more to the Sir John Falstaff, and never held up his head again, going in great heaviness, and, I fear, still taking more drink than is good for any man, until the disease mounted to his stomach, where, Mr. Brinjes being no longer at hand to assuage the pain, it speedily made an end of him.



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On the evening of the court-martial the gentlemen of the club met as usual, though without their President. The conversation was enlivened, if one may say so, by the extraordinary and tragical incidents of the day. They drank not less, but rather more, in order to sustain their spirits; they took their liquor with whispers and lowered voices, as is done in a house where one lies dead; and they naturally talked much on subjects akin to what was in their thoughts, as if seeking consolation in recalling examples resembling the case which so much touched their hearts. Thus King Richard the Second is represented by Shakespeare as loving, when in captivity, to talk of the violent deaths of Princes.

"I was present," said Captain Petherick, "at the execution of Admiral Byng, two years and a half ago. If family influence could have availed, he would have been spared. Yet he was shot, and went to his death with a smiling countenance."

"I remember," said Mr. Shelvoke—but I know not whether this was true—"the death of Captain Kirkby and Captain Wade for cowardly deserting Admiral Benbow, and that was fifty-seven years ago."

Another recalled the well known case of Lieutenant Baker Phillips, shot in 1745, for surrendering the Anglesea to the Apollon, after the Captain and the First Lieutenant were both killed. No mercy was shown to him, though it was proved that he had but 200 men and forty guns (and of his crew fifty killed and wounded), against the French crew of 500 men with fifty guns. Yet they shot him at Spithead, on board the Princess Royal. As for other courts-martial, Captain Fox, of the Kent, was dismissed his ship for neglect on duty in 1747. In 1744 Admiral Mathers and four Captains were cashiered for neglect of duty. In the same year the Master of the Northumberland, the Captain being mortally wounded, surrendered the ship before the Lieutenant could get on deck. Wherefore, he was sentenced to be confined in the Marshalsea for the remainder of his life. "And there, gentlemen," said Mr. Underhill, "he lies to this day, and but last Monday se'night I saw him, and conversed with him—a poor broken man, who vainly prays for death."

In short, the talk ran wholly upon trials and executions; the unhappy young man now lying under sentence of death was, so to speak, executed beforehand and in imagination by his friends, who stood (for him) upon the quarter-deck, eyes bandaged, arms folded, before the file of Marines, and hoped (for him) nothing more than a happy shot through heart or head, which should put an instant stop to life. Then the conversation turned upon the various methods of violent deaths, all of which seem to be accompanied by great, and some by prolonged, agonies—such as breaking on the wheel, the punishment of the knout, or burning alive—and there was much discussion as to which method of violent death seemed the most preferable.

It was remarkable that Mr. Brinjes, generally one who talked more than any, for the most part sat apart during this gloomy talk, taking his pipe of tobacco without much share in the conversation, whether from excess of grief or from the callous disposition of old age, to which most things seem to matter little. But he muttered to himself, as old people use, without heed to those who are about them, and I overheard him.

"Ay. . . ay. . ." he said, "the boy must be shot, I suppose, and then Bess will not live. . . She will certainly live no longer when he is gone. So have I lost both. She will go down herself as soon as the shots are fired. But he is not dead yet—while there is life there is hope—who knows what may happen? 'Twill be three, and perhaps six, weeks before the day of execution. Much may be done in six weeks. The lad is not shot yet, nor is Bess drowned. And as for Aaron—but he saved the Captain's life. Wherefore, though he did it with an ill design, I harm him not." Presently he recovered his spirits, and looked about him, and began to talk in a more cheerful strain, though how he could put on a show of cheerfulness with the prospect before him of Jack's certain execution and Bess's self-murder passes understanding. "The lad is not shot yet!" he said. Why, what could be done for him? Nothing. A reprieve was past praying for. Yet it must be acknowledged that the popular indignation which had at first ran high against the Captain who thus cowardly surrendered, quickly subsided and changed into compassion when the circumstances of the recapture became known, so that perhaps a reprieve might not have been so impossible had there been any in high place to ask for it.

As regards the condemned man, whom I saw many times after the sentence, I declare that I have never known any man more cheerful and resigned to his fate than was this most unfortunate Captain during the three weeks which passed between his sentence and the day of his execution. Of hope, he had none; nor did he desire to live.

"If I were reprieved," he said, "whither should I go? how live? I am but twenty-four years of age, and I might live for fifty years to come, even into the next century, if the world endure so long, with the accursed remembrance of one day always in my mind, and among people who would never tire of pointing at the Captain who surrendered his ship without striking a blow—one single blow—the most cowardly surrender in the history of the British Navy. Why, 'twould be every day a thousand times worse than the pains of death. My worst enemy could devise no more cruel punishment than to send me forth free to walk the streets of an English town. Nay,

Bess"—for she was with him—"tis idle to talk. I know what thou wouldst say, dear girl. For a mad act—we know, my dear, why that madness was sent, and for what cause permitted—no man should be held responsible. Why, my First Lieutenant was here yesterday, and said as much. But even he does not know, and the world can never know, the whole truth."

In those last days Bess was with him always. She came at eight in the morning, and she left him at eight in the evening. Everybody knew by this time that she was the Captain's sweetheart; no one found it strange or wonderful, because Bess was the finest woman in Deptford, and the Captain was the comeliest man; and people only sometimes remembered that he had been reported as promised to the daughter of the Admiral. It astonished me, perhaps because I daily expected and feared it, that no one so much as hinted at the possibility of Bess being engaged in witchcraft, though all were agreed that by foul practices the Captain had been deprived for the moment of his courage. It is no longer the custom to burn witches; yet I am sure that if any woman had been discovered, or even suspected, by the good people of Deptford to have been concerned in this wickedness, she would have suffered every torture they could have devised. Burning—mere burning—would have seemed too mild a punishment for a woman who could thus by her villainous sorceries turn a brave man into a coward. Again, if things had gone well with this poor girl, if Jack had returned home triumphant and victorious, and had then openly sought his humble sweetheart, there were plenty of women who would have said hard and cruel things concerning her, as is their way with each other. But now, when her lover lay under sentence of death, they refrained their tongues; nay, they even said good things of her, reckoning it to her credit that, for the sake of the Captain, she would receive the addresses of no other man, and that she sent Aaron Fletcher about his business and consorted with none of her former friends (who were beneath the notice of a Captain's lady), and sought in the society of Mr. Brinjes to acquire the manners and the bearing of a gentlewoman. When she went down to the Stairs in the morning, those women whom she passed on her way stood aside for her in silence, and looked after her with compassion in their eyes, and even with tears; and those, perhaps, the rudest women of the place, fit companions for the rudest sailors, abandoned in morals, sodden with drink, foul of tongue, and ever ready to strike and to swear. So that pity may find a home in the most savage breast.

She sat with Jack, therefore, all day long, in the cabin, which was his condemned cell. For the first day or two she wept continually. Then she ceased her crying altogether, and sat with dry eyes. She said nothing, but she looked upon her sweetheart always, as if hungering after the sight of his dear face. But from time to time she rose and flung out her arms, as if she could not bear herself. This was natural when a woman regains her lover only to lose him by a violent death. One evening I walked home with her through the town, and she told me, poor girl, what was in her mind. "I shall not live after him," she said; "of that I am resolved. Why, if it be as he says, that Heaven hath punished him for his inconstancy, was it not through my mouth that the punishment was pronounced? Where he goes, I shall go. When he dies, I shall die. In that same hour when the bullets tear his dear heart, shall I die too; and so my soul shall join his. I know not," she said, wildly, "oh! I know not whether we shall be sent in the next world; and I care nothing—no, nothing—so only that we go there together. I am quite sure that he is forgiven all his sins, if ever he committed any, though I know not that they can be worth considering. And he dies for them. What can a man do more? As for me, I am not afraid, because I have always gone to church every Sunday morning. Oh! I doubt not we shall go to heaven together, and sit hand-in-hand, and side-by-side; and perhaps we shall forget the past, somehow, and then the old brave look will come back to my boy's eyes. What would heaven be to him if I were not with him—and what to me if my Jack were not beside me? And oh! Luke, he loves me now more tenderly than ever he loved me before. And I am happy, though I know that we have but a day or two more to live. They tell me that to be shot gives no pain. Else I could not bear it, and must die first."

I pointed out to her the wickedness of self-destruction; but she would not listen, crying wildly that she cared for no wickedness—not she—so that she could join in death, as well in life, the man she loved. Surely there never was woman who loved man with so violent a passion; and now in these last days, when it was all too late, there never was girl more truly loved.

"'Tis the fondest heart, Luke!" said Jack, the tears in his eyes. "Why, for thy sake, sweet Bess, I would be almost contented to live, and to forget the past. If we could go somewhere together, where no man knew or could find out my dishonour—if we could go and live on one of the islands in the Southern Seas—But this is idle talk."

Then the time drew near when the sentence must be carried out. We expected from day to day to hear that the time was fixed.

About a fortnight after the sentence a sudden and most surprising change came over Bess. She left off crying altogether; sometimes, even, she laughed; she seemed not to know, or even to care, what she said or did. She would

throw herself into Jack's arms, and kiss him passionately; at the next moment she would tear herself free, and stand gasping and panting, and with wild eyes, as if with impatience, so that I feared lest she should lose her reason altogether. I have heard that persons condemned to the flames by the accursed Inquisition (which they dare to call holy) have been known to go mad with the terror of looking forward to that awful torture. Sure I am that no flames of the stake could be more dreadful to Bess than the thought of the moment when her lover would fall dead, pierced by a dozen bullets. Jack at such times would try to calm her, but she shook him off, crying "No—no. Let me be. Oh! I am choking. Oh! Jack—my dear—if you knew what is in my heart! Yes—Jack. I will be quiet. Oh! what a wretch am I that I should add to your trouble at such a time!" Then she threw herself at his feet, and caught his hands. "Jack," she cried, "you know that I am your servant and your slave. Oh! if I loved you when all the world spoke well of you, think how much more I love you now you have got no one—oh! no one but your poor fond girl!"

He raised her and kissed her. Nothing now could move him but the sight of her tears and suffering, which (I am not ashamed to write this down) brought tears to my own eyes.

"Let us pretend," she said, "let us talk like children—oh! we were once happy children, and we could pretend and believe what we please. Why. . . all this is only pretence. The cabin is our old summer-house; you are only twelve years of age, and I am a little girl; and we have been playing at courts-martial. . . No," she shuddered, "that is a dreadful game. We will play at something else. We are going away—you and I together, Jack—we shall take a ship and sail far away from England to the islands you have seen, and Mr. Brinjes talks about—we will live there—oh! no one will ever find us out. . . We have long to live. I will work for you, and you will forget all that has happened. Then we shall grow old. . . Do you think you would love an old woman, Jack, who had lost her beauty, and gone grey and toothless? And then we would lie down and die together. Why—whatever happens, we will die together—we must die together. Jack. . . Jack. . . Oh! if we could go away; oh! if we could go away together—to leave it all behind, and to forget it!"

"Patience, dear heart," he said. "Patience, Bess; it tears me to see thee suffer."

I was with them; and—but who could see and listen to him without tears? I am not a stock or stone.

"Patience?" she replied. "Yes, yes! I will have patience! Jack, do you remember three years ago, the day we were in the summer-house, Luke being present, you solemnly made a great promise?"

"I remember, Bess. God knows I have reason to remember not only the promise, but how I kept it."

"Make me one more promise, Jack." She laid her hands upon his arm. "Make me one more promise now. Luke is here again to witness for us."

"Why, child, what promise can I make thee now? A dying man can neither make or break a promise. Shall I promise to love thee in the next world?"

"Nay, promise what I shall tell thee. Say, after me: I, Jack Easterbrook—"

"I, Jack Easterbrook," he repeated.

"Do swear solemnly, before GOD ALMIGHTY"—

He repeated these words.

"That I will grant to Bess Westmoreland one more request, whatever she may ask me, before I die."

He said after her, concluding with the words,—

"Whatever she may ask me, before I die."

She fetched a great sigh, and kissed him again; and, throwing her arms round his neck, laid her head upon his shoulder.

I could not, for the life of me, understand what she meant; and still I thought that her brain must be wandering with her troubles.

(To be completed next week.)

Mr. J. A. Rolls, who recently gave £10,000 to the Bishop of Rochester's Diocesan Building Fund, has intimated his intention of erecting a new townhall in Monmouth next year in commemoration of the Queen's jubilee.

Mr. Edward Kelly, of Broadway, Westminster, has given, through Dr. Fenton, a further donation of £200 to Miss Sharman, for the Orphans' Home at West-square, Lambeth, and also £400 to the Convent of Poor Sisters of Nazareth, Hammersmith, in commemoration of his late wife.

It was stated, at a meeting held at the Mansion House, on the 10th inst., under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, that over £12,000 have been contributed towards the fund for the proposed Church House. A resolution pledging the meeting to the erection of the Church House was afterwards agreed to. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Viscount Cranbrook, and the Bishop of Carlisle took part in the proceedings.

The Duke of Manchester has authorised his agent to make a permanent reduction of 25 per cent in the rents of his English estates, instead of the temporary deductions hitherto made; the Duke of Westminster has remitted 25 per cent of rents on his estate in Flintshire; and the Earl of Airlie has granted his tenants a reduction of 10 per cent, in addition to a recent permanent reduction of 15 per cent.

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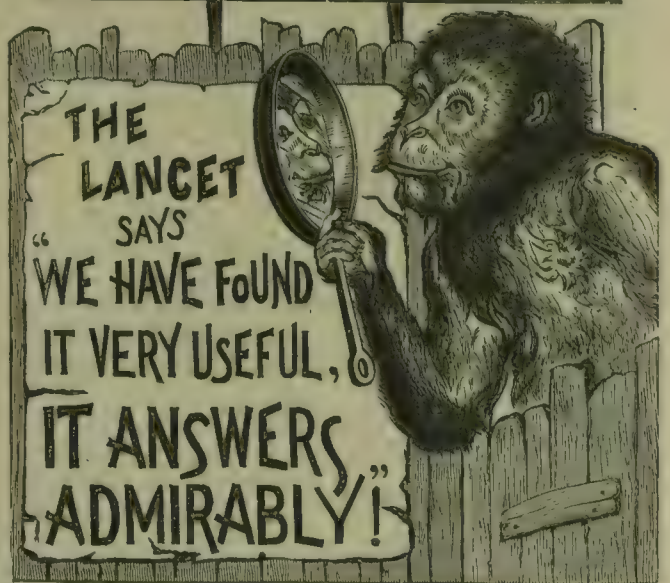
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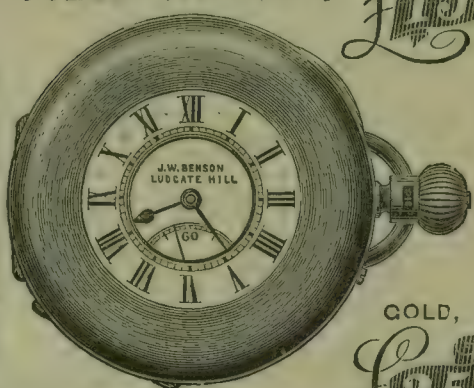
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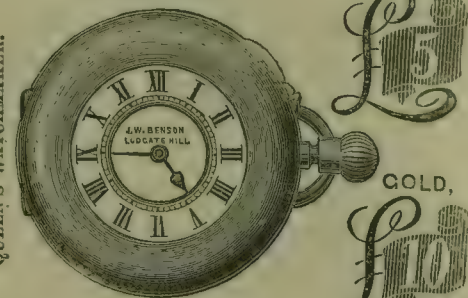
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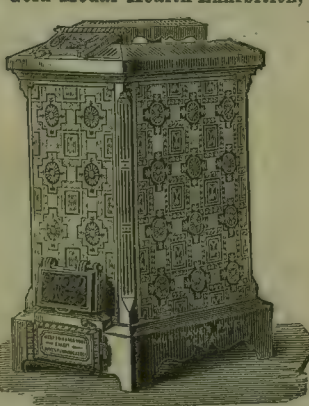


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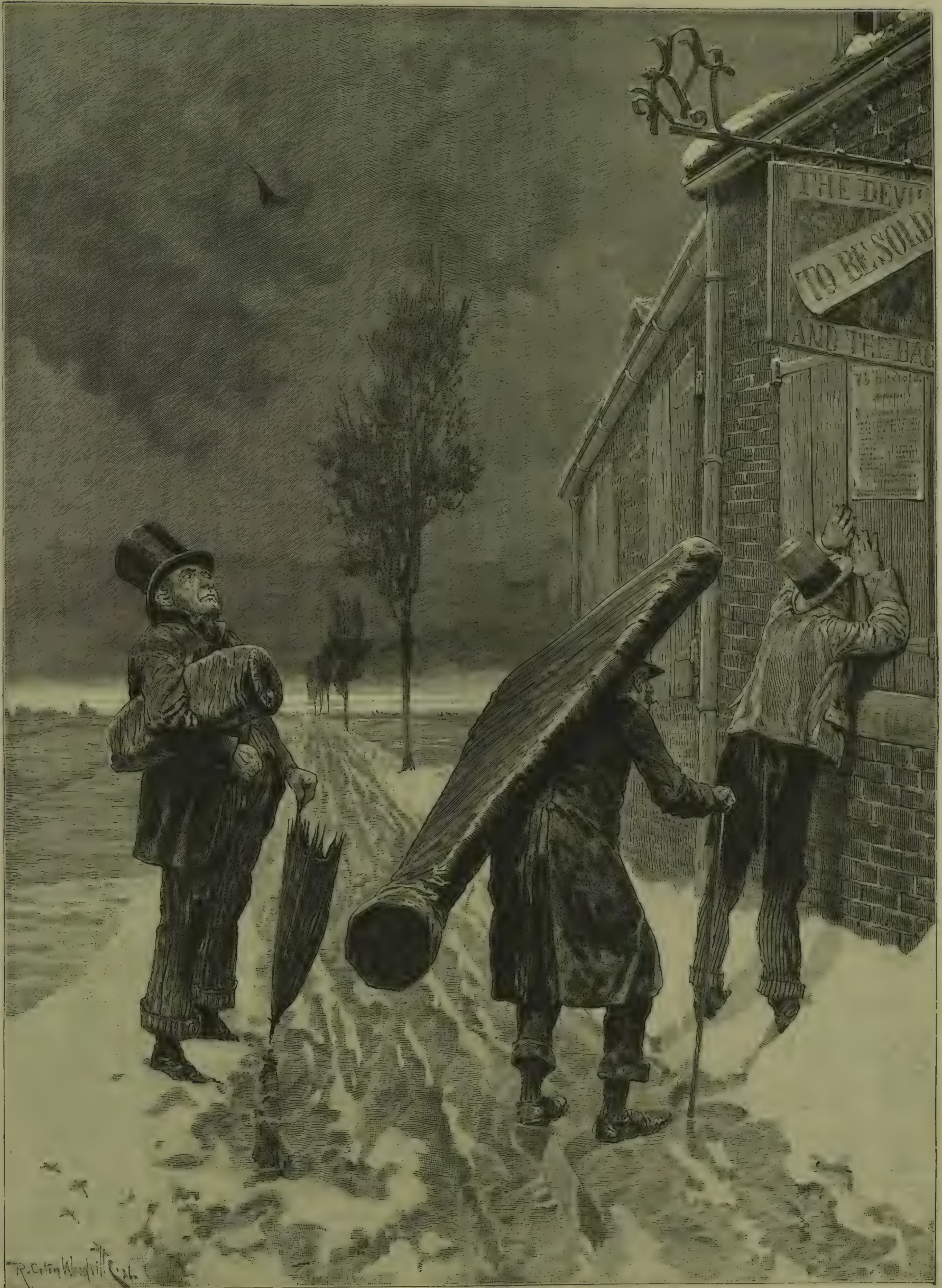
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CHRISTMAS AT THE POST OFFICE.

Christmas has undoubtedly become the busiest period in all the year at the Post Office, and it is at this time, more than at any other, that the capabilities of our huge postal system are put to the utmost test. Formerly, St. Valentine's Day used to be regarded as the great field-day of the year at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and at all the other post offices throughout the country; but, according to the officials, who in dealing with the country's correspondence notice many peculiar traits in the national character, the Valentine craze would appear to be fast declining, whilst the fashion of sending Christmas messages through the post is in the ascendant, and is assuming vast and indefinite proportions. How far this is the case may readily be judged when we are told that the correspondence dealt with at St. Martin's-le-Grand alone during Christmas week increases fivefold. No less than 10,000,000 letters and packets passed through the Chief Post Office of London last Christmas, and, of course, a correspondingly large increase took place in the Christmas work of the post offices throughout the country. We may safely estimate, indeed, that the total number of Christmas letters, cards, and packets which will be transmitted through the post during the present Christmas will be not less than fifty millions.

There can be no question that the pleasing fashion of sending Christmas cards contributes mainly to so remarkable an increase of work, which also, however, is no doubt due in a great measure to the enormous facilities now afforded by the Post Office for sending such missives—for without cheap postage the custom of sending Christmas cards must unquestionably have been greatly circumscribed in its operation. As it is, these cards are now posted in wholesale fashion, as may be inferred from the figures just mentioned. Every household, indeed, expects, and generally receives, on Christmas morning a small budget of letters to itself; for every individual member of the family—from Paterfamilias to the last-born infant joy—looks forward to at least half a dozen Christmas missives; and when we come to reckon this in the aggregate it seems indeed marvellous that the Post Office should be able to perform the work with the celerity and punctuality with which it is always accomplished.

The strain which, of course, the Post Office has to suffer in coping with its Christmas work is enormous, and can hardly be fully realised by the public. During nearly the whole of Christmas week the duties at St. Martin's-le-Grand are performed at high pressure, which increases day by day until it culminates in forty-eight hours' almost unintermittent labour, previous to the first delivery on Christmas morn. Letters rush in literally in one continuous stream on Christmas Eve, through the great yawning mouth and subsidiary mouths under the portico; and the great sorting-hall simply overflows with letters. Large as is the staff of sorters, &c., employed, it is only just found possible for a time to keep the ever-rolling stream under control; and to the untutored eye the scene is one of dire confusion. More than three thousand men are engaged in facing, stamping, sorting, carrying, bundling, bagging, tying, and sealing, as if for dear life's sake. The actual struggle may be said to commence on the morning of Dec. 23, and is at its fiercest on the 24th, when hardly any of the officials are allowed to leave the office. The pressure is, of course, felt at every post office in the country in a proportionate degree; and the demand for extra force at this period exercises an influence on the central office in London, from the fact that, besides the great increase in the number of mail-bags forwarded, the letters, in many cases, arrive totally unsorted, thus complicating, as can be imagined, the difficulties of the situation.

Upon ordinary occasions, the heavy labours of the hard-worked officials terminate with the completion of the dispatch of the night mails; but on the eve of Christmas the struggle continues, with almost unabated vigour, until far into Christmas Day, as the correspondence pours in until late at night. The officials are, of course, permitted to withdraw in detachments for a short interval, in order to partake of a good and substantial repast provided for the occasion by the department. The work does not actually cease until about ten o'clock on Christmas morning, when the officials are allowed to go home, except some thirty, who volunteer to remain until the afternoon, when silence reigns once more supreme in the great sorting-hall, which is now cleared; for the mighty battle of letters is over, and another great victory has been achieved by the Post Office—not, however, without an enormous expenditure of forethought, mental anxiety, and physical force. At all points the machinery has to be supplemented: not only the force requires to be augmented, but thousands of extra mail-bags have to be provided, hundreds of extra vans and carts have to be requisitioned for the occasion, and even special mail-trains have to be brought into use, being dispatched from London to the provinces in advance of the usual night mails.

Of the postman's share in the Christmas work there is but little need to speak, so well acquainted with it already must everyone be. His is a familiar figure, and, indeed, prominent feature of Christmas morn, as he pursues his "walk," sinking under a load of congratulations, wishes, greetings, and friendly messages; and so thoroughly well able are the public to sympathise with the arduousness of his labours that he is probably the only person to whom the customary Christmas box is given without regret or murmur. So popular, indeed, are the postmen, that the Postmaster-General is constrained to issue a notice urging the public not to offer them drink on Christmas Day, an act of mistaken kindness, of which too many, we are afraid, are prone to be guilty. It speaks well, however, for the letter-carriers as a class when it is stated that not a single case of intoxication was reported among the postmen employed in the metropolis last Christmas, while there was a gratifying diminution in the number so reported in other parts of the country.

Most of the other branches of the postal service are also affected, but in a less degree, by the Christmas season. The parcel post is of course much more extensively used at this season than at any other, for the interchange of Christmas hampers and presents; there is a very marked increase in the number of savings bank withdrawals; and an abnormal number of postal and money orders is issued at this period; while the telegraph department also has its share in the extra work at Christmas. The use of the wire has become, of late, much more common than it used to be formerly, and to many persons it is more convenient to send their Christmas messages in this manner. The increase of work has not hitherto occasioned any very serious difficulties, but considerable extra pressure has of course been felt since the sixpenny rate was introduced. A certain complement of the staff has always been obliged to remain on duty on Christmas Day at those postal telegraph offices where business is transacted day and night throughout the year. The day, no doubt, is made up to them afterwards, whilst probably they also receive extra pay for their devotion to the service on this occasion. But it is doubtful whether such compensation can be deemed wholly consolatory for the hardship of being obliged to remain away from home on the heartiest and most festive occasion of the year in this country, when most people endeavour to mark it with united greetings and social merriment. A. G. B.

CHES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J A (Reigate).—Write to Mr. G. Adamson, honorary secretary, City of London Chess Club, Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street, asking him for a copy of the rules, &c.

PETERHOUSE (Bathbourne).—We have received several correct (author's) solutions of "Etak's" four-move problem, and also several not agreeing with the author's; but we have not yet had time to verify them.

W H (Tulse-hill).—No. 2223 cannot be solved by 1. R to K square. Surely, you do not want an analysis of a two-move problem.

W A P (Holloway).—Our correspondence is too heavy for such a plan as you suggest.

ALPHA.—We are very glad you like the four-mover. We shall hope to hear from the author again.

T L (Tunbridge Wells).—(1) Mr. Rowland, of Dublin, has a work in the press on the subject. (2) All the recent handbooks on the subject of the opening are, we believe, out of print.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2221, 2222, and 2223 received from: Owen (Providence, U.S.A.); of No. 2221 from: F W Evans (Bridgeton, P.E.G.), H. T. (Tilts), H. Musselius (Tilts), Rev. John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2222 from: Submarine (Dover), Thomas Wilmot, Thomas Letford; of No. 2223 from: R S Sumner, Fidelity, Columbus, Pierce Jones, J A Schmucke, Laura Greaves, E L G, P R Gibbs, E J Gibbs Junior, and Augusta Nicholson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2220 received from: Desanges, Joseph Ainsworth, W Biddle, A G Hunt, Thomas Chown, Jupiter Junior, G W Law, W R Railien, C E P, Peterhouse, North-lac, W Hillier, Hermit, L Wyman, J F Moon, E Casella (Paris), J K (South Hampstead), R I Southwell, Thomas Letford, H Wardle, W D Wight, E Lenden, N S Harris, Sergeant James Sage, C Oswald, Shadforth, W Hillier, T Roberts, L Falcon (Antwerp), S Bullen, E E H, Pierce Jones, L Sharswood, W H D Henvey, F Marshall, R Billups, W Heathcote, T G (Ware), Scrinia, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), Otto Eulder, W C Lee, R L G, R Tweddell, W A P, T MacMahon Cregan, H D M, Oliver Jemela, H Reeve, Rev. Winfield Cooper, R F N Banks, E Featherstone, C R Lee, Alpha, Red Bran, Ernest Sharswood, and Julia Short.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2225.

WHITE. BLACK.

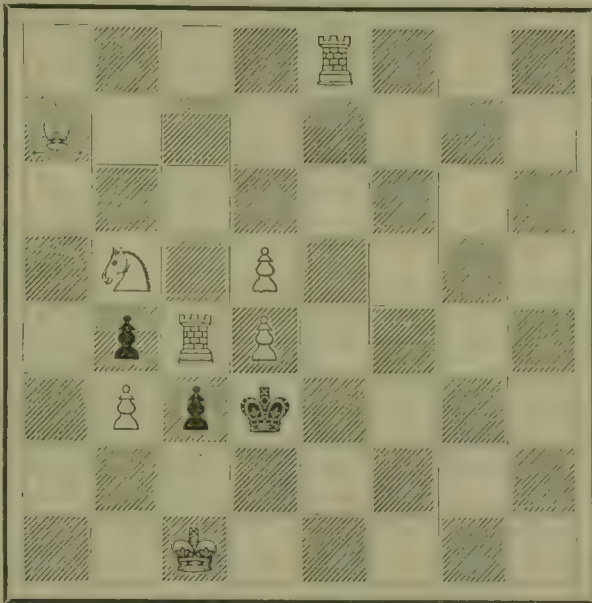
1. Kt to Q 4th. Any move.

2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2228.

By G. HEATHCOTE (Manchester).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played recently between the veteran "DELTA" and Mr. H. GORDON, at Kirkconnell Manse.

(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Delta). BLACK (Mr. G.). WHITE (Delta). BLACK (Mr. G.).

1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th. 15. Q to R 3rd. Q to Q 2nd.

2. P to K B 4th. P takes P. 16. Q to Q B 3rd. Castles (Q R).

3. Kt to K B 3rd. P to K Kt 4th. 17. Kt to Q B 4th. Q to K 3rd.

4. B to B 4th. P to Kt 5th. 18. P to Q Kt 3rd. K Kt takes P.

5. P to Q 4th. 19. Q to R 5th.

A variation much in vogue many years ago. 5. Castles is now considered better.

6. Q takes P. P takes Kt. 20. R takes R (ch). Kt to R 3rd.

7. K B takes P. P to Q B 3rd. 21. P to Q R 3rd. R takes R.

The book move here is 7. Kt to K B 3rd. 22. Q to K sq. R to Q 4th.

8. B to Kt 3rd. Q takes P. 23. Q to R 5th. K to Kt 2nd.

9. Q B takes P. Kt to B 3rd. 24. Kt to Q 3rd. R to B 4th.

9. Q takes Kt P would have led him into difficulties. 25. R to Q sq.

10. Kt to Q 2nd. B to K 3rd. His last chance; but Black makes the correct reply.

11. B takes B. P takes B. 25. P to Kt 5th.

12. Q to Q Kt 3rd. Q Kt to Q 2nd. 26. Q to R 4th. Kt to B 6th, and White resigns.

13. Q takes P. B to K 2nd.

14. Castles (Q R). Kt to Q B 4th.

The Oxford University Chess Club played a match with a team from the City of London Club at Oxford on the 9th inst. The representatives of the City, who were beaten at Oxford last year, were more successful on this occasion, scoring 7½ points to the adversaries' 2½.

The remarkable tournament of the City Club (130 competitors) is making rapid progress. In the section of first-class amateurs, Mr. Herbert Jacobs is leading with a score of 7½ out of 9 games played, and Mr. Heppell is close behind him with 7½ out of 8. Mr. Block and Mr. De Soyres have each lost but one game, Mr. Wainwright has lost two, and Messrs. Mocatta, Stevens, Hooke, and Chappell have each lost three games. The leaders in the other nine sections are Messrs. Bussy, Cope, Stanforth, Coldwell, Clark, Down, Coles, Hoare, and Hollings.

Mr. Porterfield Rynd will give an exhibition of chess sans voir, at the City Club, on the 22nd inst. Visitors are always welcome.

A match between the counties of Staffordshire and Worcestershire was played at Wolverhampton on the 4th inst. Each side was represented by sixteen champions, and the battle was closely contested. The respective scores were:—Staffordshire, 17; Worcestershire, 16. Before the conclusion of play there was an adjournment for tea, when speeches were delivered by the Rev. C. E. Ranken, Mr. W. P. Turnbull, and others.

On the same day a match between the Bristol and Clifton Chess Association and the clubs of South Wales was played at Bristol, with twenty-five competitors a side. Bristol scored a decisive victory, with 40½ points to 8½. After the match, the South Wales players were entertained by the local team, when Mr. Fedden congratulated the visitors on their energy and pluck in coming such a distance, at this season of the year, to play a chess-match.

Mr. A. S. Peake, late chess editor of the *Irish Sportsman*, informs us that a new monthly, to be called the *Irish Chess Chronicle*, will be brought out, if sufficient preliminary support is found for the undertaking. We hope there will be no lack of support on the part of our Irish friends; and, for ourselves, we wish the enterprise may be successful.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 18, 1865), with a codicil (dated June 26, 1866), of Mr. Thomas Mann, late of Roseneath House, Winchmore Hill, and the Albion Brewery, Mile-end-road, brewer, who died on Oct. 9 last, at Thelveton, Norfolk, was proved on the 25th ult. by Thomas James Mann and Edward Mann, the sons, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £410,000. The testator leaves the Thelveton Hall estate, upon trust, to pay the rents to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Mann, for life or widowhood, and then for his two daughters, Fanny and Julia; £200, and his wines, liquors, horses and carriages, to his wife; £1200 per annum, and all his furniture, plate, linen, china, glass, pictures, books, and effects to his wife, for life or widowhood; £5000 upon trust for his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint; £2000 to each of his two daughters; £3000, his residence, Roseneath, and his property at Winchmore Hill, upon trust, for his daughter Fanny; £3000 and his property at Walcot Green, Diss, Norfolk, upon trust, for his daughter Julia; his capital share and interest in the business of a brewer, carried on by him in co-partnership, under the name of Mann, Crosman, and Paulin, to his said two sons, in equal shares; and legacies to two servants, if in his service at his death. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said four children in equal shares.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. William Heathcote, late of Moorcroft House, Hillingdon, Middlesex, who died on June 12 last, a widower, without child or parent, brother or sister, uncle or aunt, nephew or niece, cousin german, or any known relative, and intestate, were granted on the 1st inst. to the Solicitor for the affairs of her Majesty's Treasury and his successors in office for the use of her Majesty, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £201,000.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1886), with three codicils (dated Feb. 1, March 21, and May 6, 1886), of Mr. James Walch Howarth, formerly of Prestwich, Lancashire, but late of Hastings, who died on Sept. 7 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Mina Howarth, the widow, John Brierley, and Richard Walker, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £44,000. The testator bequeaths to the Rector and Churchwardens of Radcliffe Old Parish Church, £1500, the income to be annually distributed among the aged poor; £1500 for the choir fund, including the salaries of the organist and choirmaster; and £500, the income to be applied in giving a treat annually to the children attending the Sunday Schools; his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, and an annuity of £450 to his wife; and annual payments are also to be made to her for the maintenance and education of his children; and legacies and annuities to uncles, aunt, cousins, and others. The residue of his property, real and personal, he leaves to all his children by his said wife.

The will (dated March 8, 1886) of Mr. Francis Sowerby, late of Great Grimsby, who died on Sept. 18 last, was proved on the 16th ult., at the Lincoln District Registry, by the Rev. Samuel McAulay, Joseph Bennett, and Henry Bowers Harrison, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his daughter Emma Sowerby; and £1000 each to his two grandsons, William Bennett and Henry Bennett, the sons of his late daughter Dorothy Bennett. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fifth, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Jane Anne McAulay, Mrs. Margaret Ruston, Mrs. Maria Bennett, Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison, and Miss Emma Sowerby.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1884), with two codicils (dated March 3, 1884, and Jan. 2, 1885), of the Right Hon. Elizabeth, Lady Abinger, late of West Cliff House, Brighton, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on the 9th ult. at the Lewes District Registry by John Henry Ellis Ridley, Henry Lee Steere, the nephew, and Arthur James Fitzlugh, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testatrix gives £1000 and one sixth of the residue of her real and personal estate, upon trust, for her niece, Sarah Steere Blackwell, for life, and then for her great-niece, Emily Steere Blackwell; £8000, upon trust, to pay the income of one half to her brother, Lee Steere, for life, and subject thereto for his children; £4000, upon trust, for her sister-in-law, Emily Harrison, for life, and at her death as to £2000 for the said Emily Steere Blackwell, and £2000 for her nephew Gerald Wilbraham Stuart Lennox; £10,000 to the said Gerald Wilbraham Stuart Lennox; legacies amounting together to over £3000 to the said Emily Steere Blackwell; and numerous legacies, pecuniary and specific, to relatives, and also to her executors and servants. The remaining five sixths of the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the children of her said brother, Lee Steere.

The will (dated May 21, 1885), with two codicils (dated Dec. 5, 1885, and May 20, 1886), of Mr. Arthur Edward Knox, late of Dale Park, Sussex, who died on Sept. 23 last, was proved at the Chichester District Registry on the 18th ult. by the Hon. Richard Clere Parsons and Charles John Fletcher, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, pictures, plate, effects, horses and carriages to his daughter Helen Fletcher; £500 to his son, Arthur Harry; and £4000, upon trust, for his daughter Maria Irvine. As to the residue of his personal estate, he gives one fourth to each of his children, Arthur Harry Knox, Helen Fletcher, and Maria Irvine; and one fourth to the children of his daughter Alice Newton.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1879), of Dame Anne Charlotte Macdonald, formerly of Eaton-square, but late of Holmwood Knoll, near Dorking, who died, on Sept. 21 last, was proved on the 25th ult., by Sir Walter Rockcliff Farquhar, Bart., Thomas Henry Farquhar, and Walter Randolph Farquhar, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4000 to her niece Mrs. Augusta Kate Ward; £3000, upon trust, for her nephew George Saville Streetfield; £500 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Church Missionary Society; £100 to the Incumbent of South Holmwood Church, to be applied by him for the benefit of the poor of the district; and numerous legacies to members of her family, executors, and servants. Her residence, Holmwood Knoll, and all other her real estate, she leaves to the three children of her late brother, Arthur Ogle; and the residue of her personal estate to her nephew Bertram Savile Ogle.

The will (dated March 6, 1876) of the Hon. Mrs. Fanny Stanhope, late of No. 24, Carlyle-square, Chelsea, who died on Aug. 9 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by Alfred Julius Eugene Compton, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £8000. The testatrix, after giving a few legacies, leaves one moiety of the residue of her personal estate, upon trust, for John Auguste Alexandre Compton, for life, and then, subject to an annuity to his wife, for the children (except Percy) of Alfred Julius Eugene Compton; and the other moiety, upon trust, for the said Alfred Julius Eugene Compton, for life, and at his death, for his children, except Percy.

The Buckrose election petition has resulted in Mr. Sykes, Conservative, being declared duly elected.

RATIOCINATION: "*The act or process of deducing consequences from premises.*"—WALKER.



THE PREMISES.



THE CONSEQUENCES.



A stately family; the tenth old Earl
Leads his proud Countess, while my Lord, his son,
Heir to the title, tends a noble wife,
Whose children follow, pretty boy and girl,
In the soft pomp of calm patrician life,
Which England's ancient honour shines upon!

THREE GENERATIONS.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

We will not envy these: they, too, have cares;
They, too, have duties; they have hearts like ours.
May they and we be faithful! If their mind
Be true to God, to England's State affairs,
To household love, the bond of dear mankind,
And gentle to the poor—great are their powers!

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

At the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street) there is now on view an exceedingly interesting translation of Scottish coast scenery by Mr. John Brett, A.R.A., consisting of forty-six sketches and three finished pictures. They give a bright and breezy rendering of some of the most beautiful scenery of our island—that of the south-west of Scotland, from the mouth of the Clyde northwards to Loch Fyne. Mr. Brett, in the course of his four months' holiday, saw the mountains, sea, and foliage under every variation of a summer sky—in wind and haze, in rain and sunshine; and these transcripts of his impressions are often beautiful, and almost always interesting. Of the three finished pictures, that marked A is the most striking in its treatment of storm and wind upon a rocky coast; and in the sketch (10) we see the materials which Mr. Brett has worked up into a grand battle of the elements. To show, doubtless, the range of his power, the other two pictures represent (B) the still calm of a fog and (C) a bright blue sky over the mountains of Arran. Amongst the smaller sketches "Arndiel Hill" (3), with its autumnal haze, is a delicate and happy attempt to render the peculiar iridescence of the sea in calm; and it is the most reposeful of all the collection. Others, like "Millport Bay" (23), "The Silver Clyde" (39), and "Inside the Cumbræ" (46), are bright and breezy; but, after all, Mr. Brett, to judge from these sketches, had more frequently "dirty weather" during his sojourn. Of this he makes good use in numerous instances, especially in "The North-Wester" (10) and "The South-Easter" (6) at Port-na-Cross, in "The Desired Haven" (26), and in the inky "Views of the Clyde" (1), and "Loch Alsh" (29). These and many others prove what all were ready to recognise before—that Mr. Brett is skilful beyond the average of his contemporaries in rendering atmospheric effects; but we have forced upon us by such an exhibition as the present that, in him, the craftsman dominates the artist. In addition to his pictures, Mr. Brett provides for the amusement of those who come to study them a sprightly "explanatory essay," in which, with questionable taste, he attacks the late Mr. Tom Taylor for having, on some occasion, stated that Mr. Brett belonged to the "school of minute elaboration." It is difficult to understand whether or not Mr. Brett considers it an indignity to be classed with "Van Eyck and John Lewis"; but it is enough to look at his "sketches" and compare them with his finished pictures to see that he does not, like Titian and others, allow his first thoughts or inspiration to remain unmodified by subsequent labour. As anyone who will look through this collection of sketches will see, Mr. Brett is generally most happy in catching the forms and colours of fleeting clouds; and, unless he is greatly misrepresented by his friends, he owes no small share of his success to his scientific studies. It seems, therefore, rather a paradox to find him gravely state that "more information about clouds can be got from one of Mr. Peter Graham's pictures than from all the transactions of the Royal Society."

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery (153, New Bond-street) is to be seen a collection of drawings painted by Mr. Sutton Palmer during the past two years, illustrating some of the beauties of the English lakes; and they fully bear out the title given by Carlyle to Ruskin, and passed on by the latter, when he calls him "Ethereal Palmer." Endowed with a delicacy of feeling which his hand can faithfully interpret, Mr. Palmer throws over the Lake country one more spell of enchantment. The series is so complete, and, we may add, of such uniform excellence, that with difficulty we select any particular work for special praise. "The Head of Windermere" (26) from above Lowood seems like a fairytale of sunshine, to which "Honister Pass" (22) might form a fitting entry. The beauties of Thirlmere, threatened by ruthless utilitarians, plead loudly for rescue through such works as "St. John's Beck" (63), "The Golden Eve" (19), with the bright sun striking the flanks of Helvellyn, and the twilight grey of "Raven Crag" (37), and, above all, is the "View of Thirlmere" (42), "within the crescent of a pleasant bay," a scene to be rescued from sacrilegious hands. The "View of Windermere from Waterhead" (41), although a little monotonous in colour, is full of charm and grace, but it falls short in art as in nature of the glimpse of "Brother's Water" (17), which the foot-farer obtains from Patterdale. Is it not only in depicting the beauties of the lakes and mountains shrouded in golden haze that Mr. Sutton Palmer shows his skill, the silver birches and rich flowers and grasses with which the lake district abounds receive delicate treatment at his hands; and in rendering the numerous waterfalls with which that fairy country abounds, as in the "Upper Falls at Rydal" (3), the "Outflow of Thirlmere" (25), "Skelwith Force, near Ambleside" (36), he deals in masterly style with broken water, and wet rocks flashing in the sunshine. An hour may well be spent among these pleasant scenes, especially by those who, "in city pent," sigh for a glimpse of the lakes and mountains.

At Messrs. Agnew's (Bond-street Galleries) may now be seen M. Munkacsy's latest work, "The Last Moments of Mozart," and to the legendary story the painter gives a painful reality. In accordance with the received tradition, a number of Mozart's friends have assembled, at the musician's request, to sing a requiem which, in spite of his fast-failing strength, he had been composing. One friend is seated at the piano, and the others are standing round, whilst, in the centre of the picture, Mozart, with the pallor of death already upon his face, lies in his chair propped up by white pillows.

Carried away by enthusiasm, he attempts to join his voice to the others; but the effort is too great, and, as the legend goes, he sank back lifeless. The subject is not the less painful for being of doubtful truth, and we do not think the artist well inspired in his choice of the subject. The really touching and only delicate piece of painting is that of Mozart's young wife behind his chair, divided between her care for her husband and her sympathy with the music of this last requiem. As in all his works, M. Munkacsy relies for effect upon his strong contrasts of black and white; and it must be admitted that he handles them with a vigorous hand. The picture can scarcely be a popular one; although, in its engraved state, it will lose much of what makes it harsh and unsympathetic.

At the Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond-street), there is on view Professor Vink's "Lady Godiva," which gives the latest Belgian version of what some authorities regard as a "solar myth." Professor Vink's treatment of the subject is thoroughly realistic. Lady Godiva, with her flowing golden hair, is seated, not ungracefully, on a grey horse, which gallops rapidly through the deserted streets of Coventry. Between the shutters of the Tabard, or whatever may have been the name of the inn, the miscreant "Tom" can just be discerned; but he attracts neither the notice of the horsewoman nor of the spectator. The motion of the horse is somewhat circus-like, as is Lady Godiva's attitude; but the colouring is good, and the drawing of the lady's figure eminently successful. Professor Vink has given to the streets of Coventry a Flemish air, which they may have worn at the time of the famous ride; but we are less disposed to admit the introduction of a horse with manifestly Arab blood at so remote a period of our history.

Yet another gallery has been established in the highway of art by Messrs. Buck and Reid (179, New Bond-street), who have brought together a small collection of water colours and pastels. The former, by M. Jules Lessore, an Anglicised Frenchman, deal exclusively with his impressions of Holland. They are of bold, dashing character, taking advantages of the strong contrasts of colour which, in summer at least, "Flatland" affords; as well as of the architectural effect of its quaint streets and stately public buildings. Of the twenty-two sketches, we most like those of the "Stadt Huis, Middelburg" (8), and of a street in the same town (16), and of the "Canals at Delft" (13) and "Dordrecht" (22). In all, however, the fault of hasty execution seems apparent; M. Lessore has been so eager to finish his sketches that he forgets to give proper attention to their setting, for in all the skies, and in many the water, are the weakest points. The pastels are by Mr. A. D. Peppercorn and Mr. H. Muhrman: the former an Englishman, and the latter an American; but both, apparently, have submitted themselves to French training. In both, the excessive darkness, amounting to gloominess, dominates each scene; and as it would be difficult to suppose that in both cases the artist's temperament decided the tone of his sketch, we can only presume that this highly-shaded method is consecrated by contemporary pastel-workers. It was not so formerly, when French art of this sort was at its highest point. Mr. Muhrman, it is true, seems at times—as for instance in his "Pot of Chrysanthemums" (67), "The Evening View at Venice" (64), and "The Thames at Blackwall" (52)—to have an idea that colour in itself was not altogether to be despised; but Mr. Peppercorn is persistently impressed with the conviction that it is through tone rather than colour his thoughts can be conveyed. That his thoughts dwell on beauty may be inferred from such works as "The Pool at Sunset" (26), "River and Trees" (28), "Towards Evening" (31), and "The Sheep on the Common" (24). In the last-named sketch especially, and in a less degree in others, we see a resemblance to many of "H. B.'s" rapid but brighter touches.

At the Continental Gallery (157, New Bond-street) are brought together a number of works by French and German artists. For the most part they belong to a style which hitherto has found little favour with English collectors, unless we except the works of M. A. Normann, the talented Norwegian artist who has made Paris his home. His works, of which "The Seltensfjord" (11) and "The North Cape" (36) are fair specimens, are usually of a size which unfits them for small rooms. Scandinavian scenery is further illustrated by Herr Rasmussen's "Neroffjord" (6) and "Gudvangen" (153), and by Herr Arborelius (55) and Herr Morten Müller (136). Among the more important works may also be mentioned Count Harrach's "Viking's Grave" (157), Herr Neuhaus' large historical picture of "The Great Elector at the Hague" (112), a brilliantly-lighted supper scene; M. Coessin De la Fosse's "Batterie de Seigle"—a bright sunny group of girls threshing a barley-mow; Kroyer's "Départ pour la Pêche"—a moonlight scene of considerable force. Herr Claus is a clever but not always pleasing imitator of a French school which delights in opera-dancers; but his large work—"A Sylph" (7)—is well drawn and stands well. A portrait of "Madame De Novikoff" (71), by Herr Schmiechen, will attract attention from the subject rather than from the execution. Hans Dahl, Nicolet, Montigny, and others whose names are getting known in the country, are fairly well represented.

Mr. Nelson Maclean, whose two allegorical figures at the Society of British Artists merit special notice, has on view, at his studio (13, Bruton-street), a lifelike female figure, "Resurrection," designed for a mausoleum at Wiesbaden. The figure is represented as being lifted heavenwards by Divine

grace, leaving behind her the earth's globe, on which her foot scarcely lingers. The conception of the artist is very simple, and he has translated it with perfect taste and feeling. There is in the figure no suggestion of the wings as natural organs aiding in the action; and thus the usual ungraceful conflict between wings and arms, which spoils so much of our statuary, is avoided, whilst the revivifying power of the Divine love is made more manifest. The wings, as managed by Mr. Maclean, serve rather as an admirable background to the floating figure, which is to stand out against the sky, over a rock-hewn vault, high up among the hills overlooking the valley of the Main.

THE MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

SECOND NOTICE.

The *National Review* is fairly interesting, but has nothing of special mark except a brilliant article on French idiosyncrasies by a "Parisian," who seems to be an English resident. Mr. Baden Powell contributes some useful suggestions on the proposed "Empire Institute."

Mr. Besant's "Children of Gibeon" is concluded in *Longman's Magazine*. The void thus occasioned will be difficult to fill. Mrs. Molesworth's "Marrying and Giving in Marriage" is very congenial reading for ladies, but we are sceptical of its fascinations for the sterner sex. A practical view of the matter is taken by Miss Eliza Orme, who maintains that women will not impair their chances of matrimony by learning, and evidently suspects that the doctors who discourage intellectual pursuits for women are actuated by a design to cut off the supply of female physicians at the source. Messrs. Walter Pollock and Brander Matthews narrate, very amusingly, the history of Monsieur Blixini, who was carried off by the spirits from under an extinguisher.

Harper's Magazine is rich in illustrations, above all of which is to be named Mr. Vedder's "Cup of Death," one of the few designs of the day which are poems even more than they are pictures. The sketches illustrative of "Sally in our Alley" are also charming; and nothing can be better than the solidity and truth of Mr. Boughton's "Mère Venus," accompanied with letterpress from his hand which shows that he can wield the pen almost as effectively as the pencil. The *Century* continues the biography of President Lincoln, which is brought down to his memorable and almost solitary protest, as an Illinois representative, against slavery in the district of Columbia. The military history of the Civil War treats of the second day of the battle of Gettysburg. "Old Chelsea" and "Henry Clay at Ashland" are the subjects of very interesting papers; the parklike appearance of Clay's Kentucky domain is gratifying to an English eye. The *Atlantic Monthly* is an interesting number. "In the Clouds" is effectively concluded; and there is a story of a buried Indian sage, showing considerable imagination; but the *c* in Jacob cannot be expressed by a Greek *chi*. Miss Preston criticises Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge very appreciatively; and the Comte de Paris is subjected to less friendly criticism for his history of the battle of Gettysburg.

The principal attraction in the *Art Journal* this month is a photogravure, which we have already referred to in noticing the yearly volume. It is after Meissonier's celebrated picture, entitled "1814," which is said to have been sold for £6000. As the picture measures only 12½ in. by 9½ in., it is perhaps the most remarkable example in the annals of art of the conjunction of a great price and a small picture. An interesting paper on "Art Teaching at Uppingham School" shows what may be done in this direction in the great schools of England.

The new volume of the *Magazine of Art* starts well in the December number, which is full of excellent engravings and interesting reading. The articles, entitled "Movements in American Painting," "The Paris of the Revolution," and "Vandyke at the Court of Charles I.," will well repay perusal.

Temple Bar concludes "Paston Carew," and its admirable series of papers on Balzac. Mr. Pollock, in his excellent criticism of the illustrations of "Faust," might have mentioned that Delacroix's designs gave especial satisfaction to Goethe. There are some characteristic anecdotes of the late Master of Trinity; and there is considerable pathos in an Australian story, "The Boss of Barangaroo." There is nothing particular to notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* except Mr. J. T. Collier's physiological tale of the "Romance of a Brain," which proves that no man can carry a shark's tooth about in his head without detriment to his moral nature. *Belgravia* has an amusing story by Mr. Grant Allen and a terrific one by Mr. C. H. Chambers, the truth of which cannot be doubted, as Mr. Chambers had it from the maniac himself.

We have also received Time, London Society, The Red Dragon, The Army and Navy Magazine, Dublin University Magazine, Part I. of a revised edition of Cassell's Illustrated History of England, Cassell's Family Magazine (the first number, full of promise, of a new volume), The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Picturesque Europe, Good Words, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion (Christmas number), Moniteur de la Mode, Ladies' Treasury, Le Follet, Weldon's Ladies' Journal, Loose Rein, Argosy, Leisure Hour, Indian Magazine, United Service Magazine, Forum, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Army and Navy Gazette, The Theatre, Harper's Young People, St. Nicholas, Every Girl's Magazine, Girl's Own Paper, Boy's Own Paper, and others.

AN OPEN LETTER.

REMARKABLE STATEMENT FROM A PHYSICIAN.

To the Editor of "The Family Doctor."

Sir,—I believe it is the duty of every physician who is true to his calling to publicly make known any means or remedy whereby sickness may be prevented, and it is for this purpose I write to give you a résumé of my experiences, both here and abroad, in the use of an article which is exciting a great deal of attention in England at the present moment.

I ask you to publish the statements which follow that people out of health may be warned before it is too late, and to show them that there is a simple means at hand by which they may be restored to perfect health. It is well known to the medical world, and, indeed, to the laity, that Bright's Disease is making terrible havoc in our midst, that, next to consumption, it is the most fatal, and that when it is fully developed there is no hope for the sufferer; death ensuing, in the average number of cases, within a year.

Physicians and scientists generally have been endeavouring since the time of Bright to throw some light upon the cause, and, if possible, to find in Nature's herbarium a medicine to cure this fatal malady. As they have progressed in their studies, they have demonstrated absolutely that the kidneys are blood-purifying organs of vital importance; that when they once falter in their action the poison which they excrete is carried to every part of the body, and surely develops disease in the weakest part.

In my hospital practice in England, India, South America, and also while a surgeon in the Royal Navy, I gave a great deal of attention to the study of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, and found that not only was the cure of chronic Bright's Disease hopeless, but that kidney disease was remarkably prevalent—much more so than generally known—and was the cause of the majority of cases of sickness; further, that the medical profession have no remedy which exerts any positive control over these organs.

I had heard of Warner's Safe Cure and its marvellous results, but had never felt myself at liberty to prescribe to it, as such a course would have been regarded as irregular. But some time ago, when I had a case which resisted all regular treatment, complicated with the passing of renal calculi, much against my inclination, I allowed the patient to obtain Warner's Safe Cure and use it. It is only just to say that in this case the result was simply marvellous, as the attack was a severe one, and the prognosis very grave, for his urine contained albumen and granular tube-casts,

The action of the medicine was singular and unaccountable to me—I had never seen anything like it. The patient recovered promptly, and is to-day a well and healthy man. This stimulated my inquiries into the merits of the remedy. I had an analysis made, and found it to be of a purely vegetable character—a simple tropical leaf that was not named in our Pharmacopœia, and, indeed, was unknown to me, but that I found would be harmless to take at all times and under all circumstances. Casting aside all professional prejudice, I determined to give Warner's Safe Cure a thoroughly fair trial, and felt at liberty to do this, as I was anxious that my patients should be restored to health, no matter by what means. I prescribed it in a variety of cases of acute and chronic Bright's Disease, congestion of the kidneys, catarrh of the bladder; and in every instance did it speedily effect a cure. For this reason I deem it my duty to give to the world this statement regarding the value of Warner's Safe Cure. I am aware that, coming from me, known as I am throughout this country as a physician and lecturer, it will arouse considerable surprise, and possibly the animosity of my brother physicians. But I make this statement, let me assure you, upon facts which I am prepared to produce, and which I can substantiate to the letter. I appeal to those physicians of large practice, who know how fatal and common disease of the kidneys is, to lay aside their professional prejudice, give their patients Warner's Safe Cure, restore them to perfect health, earn their gratitude, and thus be true physicians in every sense of the word. The investigations I have made on the subject of kidney, liver, and Bright's Disease conclusively demonstrate the fact, and I state it deliberately as a physician, that more than one half the deaths which occur in England are caused by impaired action of the kidneys, and the consequent retention in the blood of the poisonous uric acid.

Warner's Safe Cure, by its marvellous power over the kidneys, causes them to expel the poison, checks the excretion of albumen, relieves the inflamed secreting tubes, and prevents sickness from impure and impoverished blood. Having had over seventeen years' experience in my profession, I can conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's Safe Cure than all the other medicines in the British Pharmacopœia, the majority of which, I am sorry to say, are very uncertain in their action.

"The medical practice of the present day is neither philosophical nor common-sense," said Dr. Evans, of Edinburgh; and Sir Astley Cooper summed it up, when he said that "the science of medicine is founded on conjecture and improved by murder."

Then let those of us whose mission in life is the prevention and cure of sickness be somewhat more liberal. Let us accept any remedy, no matter who its discoverers may be, that has been tried and found not wanting, and, tied to no "pathy," be broad enough to believe that all wisdom is not ours.—Yours faithfully,

New Egham, Englefield Green, Staines.

L.R.C.S.I., M.K.Q.C.P.I., late R.N.

Wm. Edwards Roberts

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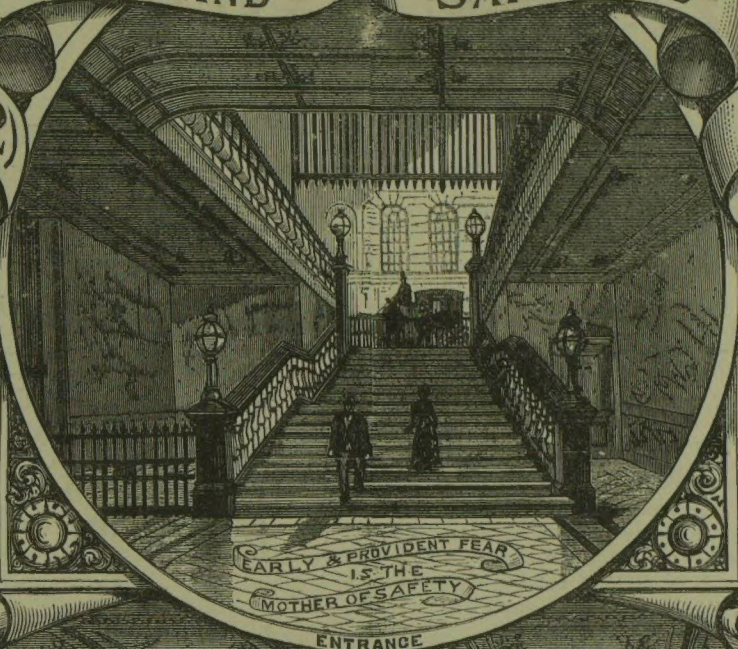
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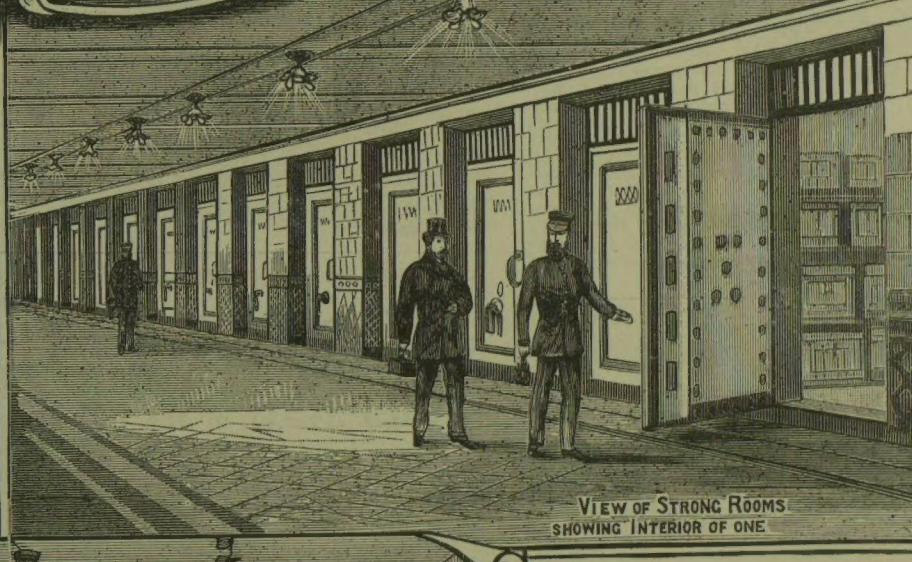
SHOWING EXTERIOR OF STRONG ROOMS.

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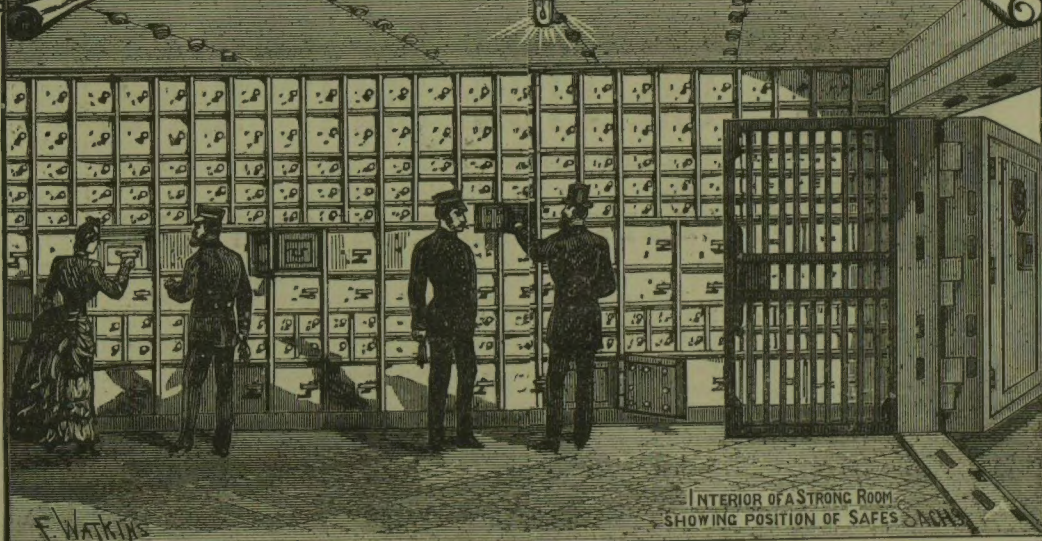


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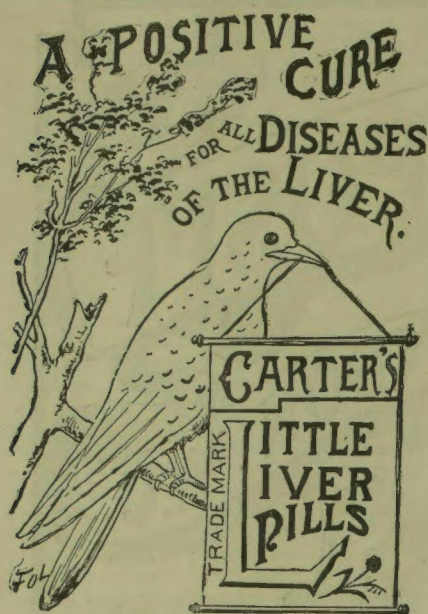


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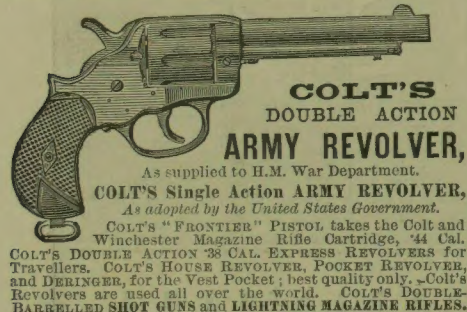
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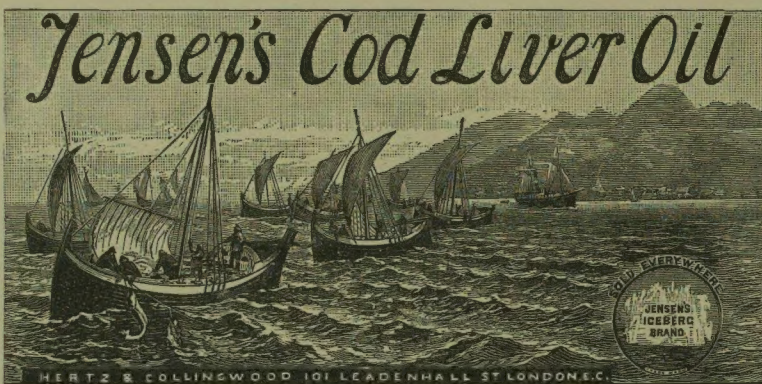
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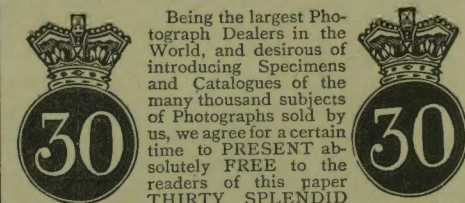
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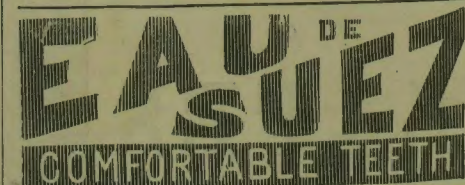
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